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NATIONAL REVIEW

A JOURNAL OF FACT AND OPINION

The Right Not to Be Loved

TAYLOR CALDWELL

President-Elect Nixon?

AN EDITORIAL

Three Poems

WILLIAM CARLOS WILLIAMS

Articles and Reviews by . . . . . GRAHAM WEIGLE

FRANCIS RUSSELL · GARRY WILLS · RALPH DE TOLEDANO

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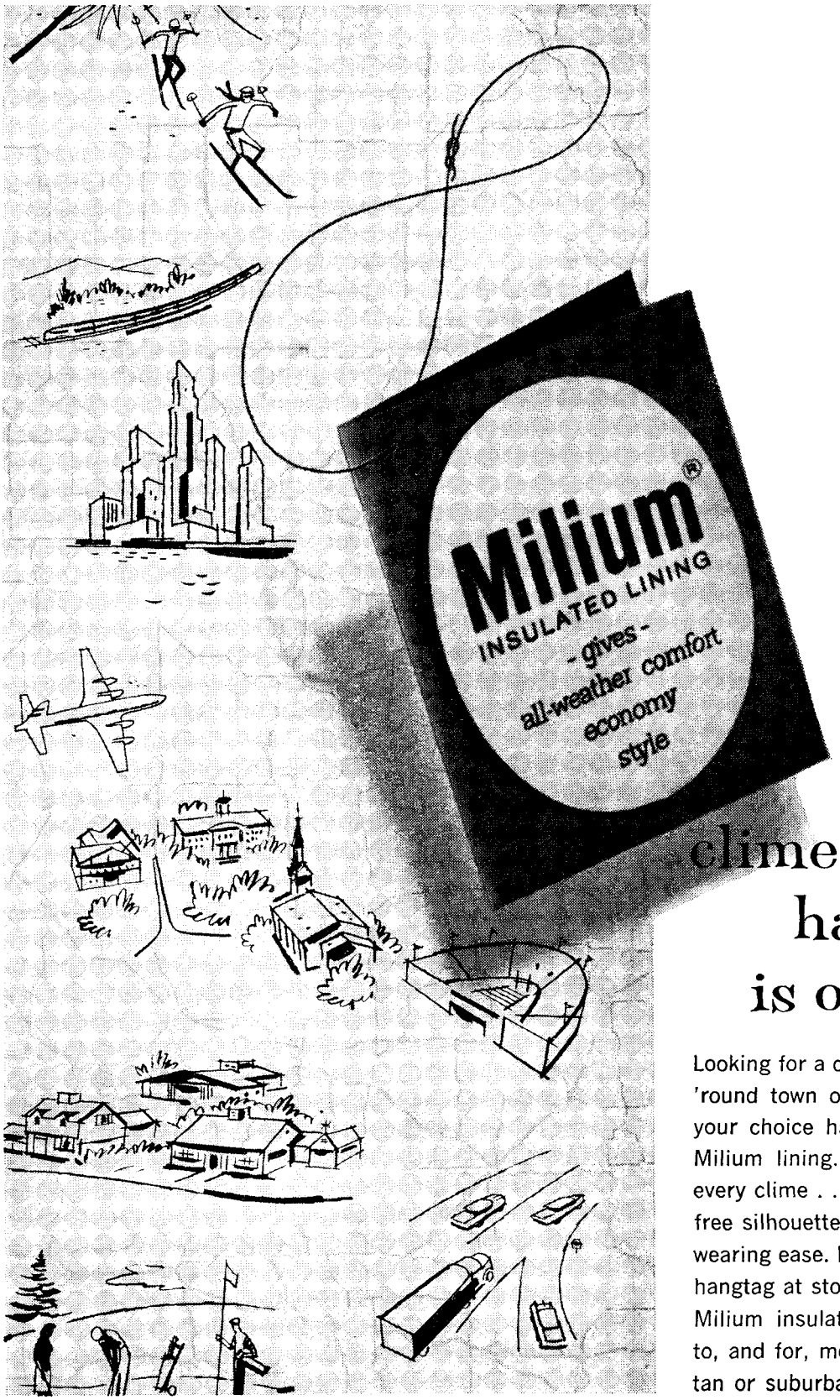

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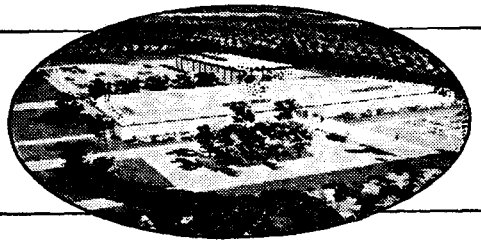

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A JOURNAL OF FACT AND OPINION

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In This Issue . . .

→ we feature articles by two persons who have never before written for NATIONAL REVIEW—so much for their similarity. A difference between them is that **Taylor Caldwell** has probably sold more books than any living American writer (she writes only best-sellers!); and **Graham Weigle** has never before published anything anywhere. Miss Caldwell rejects with asperity the prevailing notion that everyone has the right to be "loved." She will go along with the dogmatic Christian stricture about love, but she makes a distinction which has great meaning for our time. . . . Mr. Weigle is a graduate of the National Law School in Washington (1941) whence he went off to the wars, completing 91 combat missions in the Mediterranean. He has travelled widely, and writes thoughtfully about the problem of Africa, and the striking inappositeness of the proposals of Adlai Stevenson so recently forwarded to Kennedy, and coping with same.

→ **Brent Bozell** discusses how the closeness of the national election bears on the political strategy of American conservatives. Mr. Nixon is not out: and that means any number of things, some good, some bad; some even, we concede, Mr. Bozell may not know himself! . . . **James Burnham** gives us an elementary lesson in the requirements of psychological warfare, prescribing a program so pointed, so obvious, it could have been overlooked only by the Department of State. . . . **Frank Meyer** tells why election-hopping won't stem the socialist tide any more in the future than it has done in the past. . . . And **Russell Kirk,** who is becoming the principal collector of episodes of anti-conservative bigotry in the academic world, gives two or three garish recent examples of the intolerance of Liberal professors.

→ **Francis Russell** describes the impact upon him of *Vanity Fair*—twenty-five years ago. . . . **Murray N. Rothbard,** whose major book on economic theory, completed shortly after he earned his Ph.D. degree, is now making the rounds, describes the most recent book by Henry Hazlitt—an exciting compendium of anti-Keynesian economic criticism. . . . **Garry Wills** reads the latest book of Father Chardin, and says, I say it's syrup and to hell with it. . . . **Adolph J. Ackerman** is a consulting engineer on hydroelectric projects, and reviews a review of the muddy waters in California. . . . **Ralph de Toledano** writes a devotional review of recent recordings by Germaine Montero.

→ Enthusiastically, we present three new poems by **William Carlos Williams.** As one of the four or five most eminent living manipulators of the English tongue, he needs no introduction. The third of the three is described by critic Hugh Kenner, our poetry editor, as "a delicate miracle, exact as a fragment of Greek pottery."→

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speaking on

"France, Africa and the Struggle for the World"

at the second

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HUNTER COLLEGE ASSEMBLY HALL

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New York City

8:30 p.m., Thursday, December 1

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The WEEK

● The press got it mixed up again—Senator Kennedy's post-election day call on Vice President Nixon at Key Biscayne *wasn't* to congratulate him for the campaign he had made; it was to thank him for it.

● Teamster boss Jimmy Hoffa has a lot to learn from COPE and the AFL-CIO if he wants to be successful in the field of practical politics. Late last year, he announced plans to defeat 56 congressmen who voted for the Landrum-Griffin labor bill, and who had been elected by margins of less than 5 per cent in 1958. Five members of the "56 Club" did not run for re-election this year; one—Rep. Keith Thomson (R.-Wyo.)—was elected to the Senate; and another 40 club members won re-election, with the sole exception of Rep. Francis E. Dorn (R.-N.Y.). On the other hand, all five incumbent congressmen who received campaign contributions from the Teamsters this year also won re-election. Nobody, it seems, pays much attention to Mr. Hoffa.

● While Right-to-Work laws were not a major issue in this year's Presidential campaign, they did count in a number of state contests—and in all these states except Delaware, where the election was a standoff, Right-to-Work forces won. The so-called National Council for Industrial Peace, an AFL-CIO front for compulsory unionism, made Right to Work an issue in seven states, in the hope of defeating candidates and incumbents who upheld voluntary unionism. In Indiana, Utah, Kansas, New Mexico, Vermont, Oklahoma and Virginia, Right-to-Work forces were swept to victory. In Delaware, voters elected a governor opposed to Right to Work while retaining a legislative majority in favor of it.

● A Westerner can hardly hope to keep Laotian names straight, but he should be able to recognize easily enough the pattern of recent Laotian politics. 1) August 9: Paratroop Captain Kong Le, in coordination with attack on northern provinces by Communist Pathet Lao, stages coup against pro-American government of Premier Samsonith. 2) August 16: New, neutralist government forms, with Prince Souvanna Phouma as Premier, pledged to "peace with Pathet Lao." 3) The same day, anti-Communist and pro-Western General Phoumi Nosavan calls on people to resist Communists, reject "illegal neutralist government." 4) The U.S., which has sunk $300 million in Laos and trained its army, shilly-shallies. 5) September 10: General Nosavan and Prince Boun Oum set up anti-Communist rival government in Savannaketh, accuse Souvanna Phouma of opening country to Communist takeover. 6) The U.S. shilly-shallies. 7) September 30: Neutralist Souvanna Phouma government announces diplomatic relations with Soviet Union, and enters negotiations with Pathet Lao. 8) November 15: General Rathikone and garrison of royal capital go over to anti-Communist General Nosavan. 9) The U.S. shilly-shallies. 10) November 17: Neutralist Premier Souvanna Phouma announces he seeks diplomatic relations with Peiping. 11) November 19: Neutralist Premier Souvanna Phouma announces Communist Pathet Lao will join his government. 12) November 20: The U.S. stops shilly-shallying—and (according to UPI dispatch) "cautioned pro-Western General Phoumi Nosavan against [*sic*] a military attempt to overthrow the government of Premier Souvanna Phouma."

● What do we think about the appointment of Philip Jessup to the World Court? That it is a perfectly reasonable appointment considering that Mr. Jessup's professional qualifications are outstanding, and that he is therefore putatively qualified to discharge a job as an international jurist. However, the World Court's principal judicial responsibilities will be creative; that is to say, there is not, really, a World Law, so that the Court's role in international law at this time in history, and under these circumstances, may be very much like the Supreme Court's role in defining constitutional practice in the early days of our Republic. In which case the question may be raised: can we depend on Mr. Jessup's scholarship to balance his judgment better than it did before? To understand that his Communist colleagues in the Court (there are at least two) are not out to practice law, but to make politics, and that such men cannot be coped with by legal scholarship? There is no questioning the dismaying record between 1939 and 1944, when Mr. Jessup figured as an influential figure in the Institute of Pacific Relations, principal lobby for a Red China; when he gave friendship and support to the Communist, Frederick Vanderbilt Field, who headed both the Communist cell within IPR, *and* IPR's professional staff. But since 1946, at least, Mr. Jessup has been consistently, if not creatively, anti-Communist and the assumption must be that he has learned, as so many others have done. Let us hope so. And let's hang on to the Connally Amendment.

● The reporters waited anxiously for the big chief to speak. "Our investigators," he told them, "crack men from FDA, have been watching the suspect very closely. They have found no evidence of poison or

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contamination. Therefore I can report to you that the danger is over. You can tell all Americans from me, Arthur Flemming, that they have nothing to fear this Thanksgiving from cranberries."

President-Elect Nixon?

1. Senator Thruston Morton, the chairman of the Republican Party, thinks there is a chance that the next President of the United States will be Richard Nixon. In pursuit of that chance, he and his associates are working feverishly, without publicity, against the December 16 deadline, the day the electors in the separate states meet to transmit to the clerk of Congress the votes of the Electoral College.

It all depends on Illinois. The presumption is that the narrow margin by which Senator Kennedy carried Illinois (a 6,000 majority out of almost five million votes cast) is less than the number of surprise votes any red-blooded machine boss would provide for his candidate in the course of a day's business. Mayor Daley of Chicago is very much in control of Cook County, and for him to arrange for 6,000 votes is not much more difficult than to arrange to fix a parking ticket.

The problem, of course, is to prove fraud. The Republican high command feels this time there is a chance because of the blatancy with which some Democratic bosses apparently went at the business of falsifying the returns. We are informed by a man who knows that six days after the election, the Republican Party had received a total of 59 *thousand* letters from all over the country, registering complaints over a wide range of abuses, from illegal exhortations at the poll-site, to direct falsification of figures. The presumption is that most of the complaints are imaginary. But how many legitimate complaints does it take to set aside a mere 6,000 majority in Illinois?

And consider the results if that were to happen! Kennedy's electoral majority would reduce to 273, *counting* the uncommitted Mississippi and Alabama electors, who number 14. (Apart from the officially uncommitted electors, there are others who might, notwithstanding the consequences, vote contrary to their official pledge—as one elector did in 1956.) In other words, the decision on the next President of the United States could be in the hands of a few Southern patriots. Consider also that in New Jersey, which went to Kennedy by 21,000 votes, there is also a recount and an investigation going on: and if it too went for Nixon, he'd have the election with or without the uncommitted Southern electors.

And consider finally that if the evidence piles up that in fact the majority of the voters in Illinois voted Republican, even in the absence of a formally accepted recount naming Nixon the victor, the authority of the governor to certify which slate of Illinois electors has the right to cast Presidential ballots, is binding on Congress—unless overruled by both houses, which nevertheless would not have the authority to count the uncertified slate. And the retiring governor of Illinois is a Republican, Governor William Stratton.

We do not predict these developments. But neither are they pure fantasy. Americans tend to resign themselves easily to political events, and it is notoriously difficult to stir up a sustained demand for investigations of electoral fraud. In fact the prestige of a politician seems never to be hurt even if he is generally recognized to have won—as Senator Harry Truman did—thanks to the tombstone vote. But even here let us note that whereas Richard Nixon has refused to associate himself with the movement for a recount, he has not to this day "conceded" the election to Senator Kennedy. To be sure, concessions have no legal weight—Nixon could concede every morning at ten; still he would be President if the Electoral College voted for him on December 16. But Mr. Nixon is a man of measured action, and one must assume that his failure formally to congratulate Kennedy on his victory is meant to keep alive, in precisely those quarters where it matters so much, the hope that the country is in for the principal electoral upset in American political history.

2. Can we hope, having seen the narrowness of Kennedy's putative victory, to revise the electoral college plan? The inequity here is easy to argue: by winning the state of New York by a single vote, the millions who voted for the loser are summarily disfranchised. This would seem inequitable on theoretical grounds alone. (Hypothetically, the next President could be elected by 15 per cent of the popular vote, exercised through the 11 largest states.) There is the further sociological argument that, with the continuing urbanization of our society, the cities exercise every four years an increasingly disproportionate influence on the electoral vote. Which means, derivatively, an inordinate influence at every stage in the American political process. If a candidate is notoriously unpopular in New York City, his chances to win at the national convention are reduced in the light of this fact; and in the light of his predictable weakness at the convention, he has special difficulties in winning primaries. And so on—and all it means in discouraging throughout the United States the growth of *Presidentabili* objectionable to city voters.

There have been several proposals in the past years to effect reform. Had one of these (Lodge-Gossett) been enacted into the Constitution, the current election would have given Kennedy 268 votes against Nixon's 265. Another proposal (Mundt-Coudert)

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seeks to make the palpably needed reforms without incurring the evils of proportional representation, by giving each congressional district in a state a single vote, and allowing each in turn to vote for two delegates at large. That would eliminate the problem of small splinter parties earning their own electors; and would also preserve in part the relative strength of the little states.

We hope Mr. Kennedy's New Frontier will call for an inquiry into the advisability of electoral reform. Nothing he could do would be more patriotic than to look into the political machinery, ipso facto sick, which made possible his election.

Radical Surgery

Communism, like forsythia, can spread indefinitely through a series of successive tiprootings. In the Caribbean we can see the process clearly at work. Under the impetus of Castro's Cuba, Communism has reached arching branches to almost every country bordering that sea, reinvigorating ineffectual national Parties. Haiti and the Dominican Republic, Venezuela and Colombia, Panama and El Salvador, Nicaragua and Guatemala and Costa Rica and Honduras and Mexico—in one or the other of these lands we find the riots, the rebellions, the uneasy governments, the threats of invasion, the spastic unrest generated by Communism.

Guatemala and Nicaragua have appealed to the United States for aid in resisting what they believe to be Cuban-inspired Communist attacks. Under the Inter-American Treaty of Reciprocal Assistance (the Rio Treaty of 1947) we have dispatched aircraft carriers and destroyers to patrol the waters off Guatemala and Nicaragua and to fend off any foreign intervention within the three-mile limits of those countries. Cuba, which has received some 28,000 tons of military supplies from the Red bloc, including 45,000 Czechoslovakian rifles, 60 anti-tank guns, and eight MIG jet fighters, has filed a protest with the UN; and Moscow and Peiping (where Cuba's Ernesto Guevara was recently honored at two gaudy receptions) have noisily denounced our "imperialism."

One must applaud the assignment of the U.S. Navy in the Caribbean. It is in harmony with the 1947 treaty, with the goals of the Organization of American States, with the Monroe Doctrine, and with our national interest. A show of force is not in itself a warlike gesture; indeed, a canny show of force at the right time, and in the right place, may often forestall military conflict.

But to forestall the tiprooting is not enough: we must hack at the central growth. Having withdrawn our ambassador from Cuba and embargoed all shipments save medicine and foodstuffs, the logical next step is to halt the inflow of war supplies. Sooner or later we must set up a complete military blockade of the island. For the sake of peace in the Western Hemisphere, the sooner the better.

When a Dollar Needs a Friend

On November 16 Mr. Eisenhower at last took public notice of what has been known to every economist and international banker for at least the past ten years: that the dollar, fiscal heart of the free world, is badly hurt, and needs both emergency and long-term treatment.

The President's official statement explained the dollar ailment with such clarity that it becomes even more curious why governmental action was so long delayed. In essence, it is simple enough. In our international activities, we have been living beyond our means. More particularly, our foreign policy has been out of line with the fiscal resources available for its conduct.

Because our entire foreign expenditures are a relatively small percentage of our Gross National Product, it seems odd that this can be so serious. But an international balance of payments has its own special kind of accounting.

The value of the commercial products we send

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abroad exceeds the value of what we import by a healthy sum. If that were all there is on the audit sheet, the dollar would be even too healthy, and our gold vaults would be bursting at the seams.

But over and above the dollars we pay out for commercial imports are the billions that have been going for: dollar investments in foreign countries; remittances sent abroad to foreign relatives; tourist dollars; upkeep of military forces abroad; upkeep of the nearly 500,000 military dependents abroad; net foreign aid (that is, dollar aid not used to purchase U.S. goods and services); and—though this last is not mentioned in the official analysis—most of our current 41 per cent of the UN budget, expected to cross $500 million next year. These dollar drains are partly offset by comparable items moving in the opposite direction. But we are left, for the final international balance, with a huge running deficit. "In the last three years," the President's statement summarizes, "a total of $10 billion more has been paid out than has been received."

What this means is that the dollar balances of foreign principals—private firms and individuals as well as central banks—have been piling up. By our law—the law on which depends the international position of the dollar as the basic currency of the free world and indeed of all world trade, even of the Soviet sphere—our dollars are "externally convertible." Any foreign central bank may exchange them for gold at the rate of $35 an ounce. As their dollar balances mount, the various central banks, according to need and customary practice, do in fact draw down a portion of their dollar balances in gold. Since the end of 1957, we have in this way lost the enormous sum of $4.5 billion in gold reserves. Our remaining gold supply of $18 billion is less than the outstanding dollar balances remaining in foreign hands.

In the past few months this gold loss has reached a near-panic *annual* rate of about $5 billion, because of three added special factors: the shift of hot money (short-term liquid capital) from here to Europe because of higher European interest rates; fear of a U.S. depression, with the consequent liquidation of U.S. investments; and a fear of the fiscal consequences of a Kennedy victory.

The President accompanied his explanatory analysis with a set of directives designed to strengthen and reinvigorate the failing dollar. The main proposals are: a reduction of 484,000 in the number of military dependents abroad; a Buy American policy for supplies and services used abroad. At the same time negotiations are going on to induce the West European governments to increase their share of payments for NATO establishments in Europe and for aid to underdeveloped nations. These proposals are expected to cut back the annual deficit in international payments by about $1 billion.

In brief initial comment, we note the following:

1. Bravo the plain facing, even though so unnecessarily late, of the threat and danger.

2. Clearly, by the official arithmetic, the directives so far laid down go less than half way to meet the problem.

3. The particular choice of measures seems still to be dictated rather by political sentimentality than economic realism. It is affirmed that foreign aid to dollar purchases in underdeveloped countries is not to be cut back, and nothing is said about resisting the ravening UN appetite. But this pouring of dollars into these soft currency swamps swallows them up without return. As so often, we are making our own closest allies—who, besides, now have hard currencies and are good, paying customers—and the families of our own soldiers take the rap for our profligacy and errors.

4. The statement makes no reference to the deepest source of the fiscal troubles: the gradually choking cost-structure of our economy because of the inordinate relative labor cost, bureaucratic overhead, and obsolescence of much of our capital plant.

Senator Kennedy become President will confront an almost immediate dilemma: he must either drop his Party's promised cheap money and national and international spending orgy; or he will see the dollar collapse.

Algeria, French or Red?

President de Gaulle's call for an early plebiscite on his Delphic policy of an "Algerian Algeria" may provoke a general crisis in the Fifth Republic. De Gaulle, cut off by personal isolation and near blindness from the realities of the present, seems to live more and more in a supra-temporal world created out of his own lofty ideas of France, Europe, History, and Grandeur.

The Communists and the Algerian rebels understand perfectly that an "Algerian Algeria," abandoned by the French metropolitan government and the French Army, means an Algeria terrorized into cutting all ties with France and swung into an anti-Western North African front serving Moscow's strategic objectives.

The European settlers in Algeria, and the pro-French Arabs—who are, to the degree that the FLN terror permits them to choose, quite probably a majority—also know it. But most people in metropolitan France are weary of the seemingly endless struggle. Thus a majority in metropolitan France will almost surely vote for de Gaulle's formula; and nearly all the French-descended Algerians plus many

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For the Record

Major State Department housecleaning in the works for early next year, according to close associates of Lyndon Johnson. One big policy-maker who won't go: Charles Bohlen, a personal friend of President-elect Kennedy. . . . Already out, State's two principal backers of Fidel Castro. One transferred to Argentina, the other to Germany. . . . Room being made in new Administration for selected Democratic losers: George McGovern (beaten by Senator Mundt) and Orville Freeman of Minnesota. . . . Official AFL-CIO News admits labor did badly on balance in state legislatures. GOP captured lower houses in eight states (Conn., Ida., Ill., Mich., Mont., Ohio, Wis., Wyo.); also regained three state senates (Ida., Ohio, S.D.). . . . Move under way to replace GOP National Chairman Thruston Morton by someone more acceptable to conservatives. In the running, James Kemper, Republican National Committeeman from Illinois. . . . With Kennedy victory margin tissue-thin, Liberal press, apparently for first time scared of Goldwater candidacy in '64, moving into "Neanderthal Right" routine on him; some even priming Clifford Case as suitable "compromise" GOP candidate in '64. . . . Rockefeller prospects strengthened by announcement that booster Jock Whitney will take over active management of Republican Herald Tribune early next year. Robert White, brought in from Mexico, Mo., eighteen months ago to run paper, going back to Missouri.

Nehru has warned Communist China that he will shoot down planes that fly over Indian territory—it's his toughest statement yet. . . . Western officials in Tunisia say Communists now holding important positions in rebel Algerian government. (This was not true six months ago.) . . . Artist Rockwell Kent, a long-time fellow-traveler, announces he is giving his "great Kent collection" (collection of Kents) to a Moscow museum because a U.S. museum declined the gift.

The American Mercury has been sold; its January issue will be the last under Russell Maguire's management. Buyer is said to be the Defender, an evangelistic magazine founded by the late Gerald Winrod, and published monthly in Wichita.

Arabs will vote against it. Then what? Will Paris abandon the million and a half Europeans across the Mediterranean, and the Arabs who seek her protection? Will they *allow* themselves to be abandoned?

The crisis was always unavoidable, but the plebiscite hurries the time table. The speedup creates a formidable problem for the developing forces of resistance to de Gaulle's abandonment—the same forces, by a hard irony, that were primarily instrumental in the 1958 events that brought de Gaulle to power. The Algerian French, much of the Army, the traditionalist and anti-Communist sections of French opinion, with an expanding leadership that includes ex-Premiers Georges Bidault and Maurice Bourgès-Maunoury and France's most distinguished soldiers, have come together as de Gaulle's course has swung toward abandonment. In October, Jacques Soustelle, who was "Premier-delegate" (*i.e.*, No. 2 Minister) in de Gaulle's government until February of this year, announced formation of a "National Regroupment" to preserve Algeria as part of France. Though Soustelle began as an anthropologist whose research produced some of the primary studies of pre-Columbian Central American civilization, the war drastically shifted his public career. Working with de Gaulle, it was Soustelle who organized the intelligence network of the Resistance, and after the war, the Gaullist Rally of the French People. As Governor-General of Algeria, he pushed the opening of the great Saharan oil and gas fields; as Minister, he had charge of the French nuclear drive through which France has gained membership in the exclusive Nuclear Club. In spite of all handicaps, therefore, and of the rushing clock, French opinion is not inclined to minimize what he and his associates may accomplish.

The Algerian crisis, in all its subtle international phases, will break into the open when it reaches the floor of the UN Assembly in the near future. Soustelle—who will explain the relation of "France, Africa, and the Struggle for the World" to NATIONAL REVIEW's December 1 Forum in New York—will be on hand, as he has so often been, for the fireworks.

Amen

At their annual meeting, the Catholic Bishops of America issued a statement which, coming when it did, must especially reassure those who resist the prevailing social tendencies of our time, and are no less wary when they go by the name of a New Frontier, and under the rubric of a Catholic President.

Said the Bishops:

- The history and achievements of America stand as a monument to the personal responsibility of free men.

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• . . . our pre-eminent need is to reaffirm the sense of individual obligation, to place clearly before ourselves the foundation on which personal responsibility rests, to determine the causes of its decay and to seek the means by which it can be revived.

• . . . Among the evident instances of the breakdown of personal responsibility most deplorable has been the widespread cynical reaction to the recent revelation of dishonesty, waste, and malfeasance in industrial relations.

• Although personal responsibility and initiative have been our national characteristics, explaining in large measure our country's progress in human welfare, yet pressures are growing for a constantly greater reliance on the collectivity rather than on the individual. An inordinate demand for benefits most easily secured by the pressures of organization, has led an ever-growing number of our people to relinquish their rights and to abdicate their responsibilities. This concession creates a widening spiral of increasing demands and pressures with a further infringement on personal freedom and responsibility.

• . . . many citizens seem to feel that our mere adherence to the United Nations absolves us from further responsibility in the international order and that decisions made by the United Nations, regardless of their objective value, are always to be regarded as morally right. Admitting the undoubted value of a policy of supporting the United Nations . . . we must understand clearly that the citizens of this country, and of all countries, have a responsibility to judge, and to evaluate the United Nations' deliberations and decisions according to objective norms of morality universally binding.

• . . . Even when man enters into associations [as in a labor union] . . . as he must to achieve the goals which lie beyond his individual capacity, he should remember their purpose is in relation to his freedom and responsibility. In this respect the Holy Father stated: "But this is to be done on the condition that each of these institutions remains within its own sphere of responsibility; that it be offered to, not imposed upon, the free choice of mankind. They must under no circumstances look upon themselves as an end making their members an instrument of their activity." (Letter of July 12, 1960, to *Semaine Sociale* in Grenoble.)

• Before it is too late, we must revive in our midst and present to the world the ideals that have been the real source of national greatness. For America will fulfill its destiny when we have achieved that spiritual maturity . . . as men "established in their inviolable integrity as images of God; men proud of their personal dignity and of their wholesome freedom; men justly jealous of their equality with their fellow creatures in all that concerns the most intimate depths of human dignity; men solidly attached to their land and their tradition." (Pope Pius XII, Feb. 20, 1946.)

Notes and Asides

There were those intimately connected with Robert Morris' campaign last spring to win away from Clifford Case the Republican senatorial nomination, who were never satisfied with the conclusions generally drawn from Morris' defeat. The more or less official version is that Morris was a conservative, Case a Liberal and what should you have expected, in our day and age? That is the line taken by our foremost publicists—and not a line with which NATIONAL REVIEW, incidentally, took issue: believing, as we do, that the conservatives in the country are indeed a minority.

The dissenters in question have brought out a little study elaborating their views. It is a well executed document based on comprehensive questioning of a large number of New Jersey voters. The conclusion of the study is—let those take hope who never could reconcile themselves to the thesis that conservatives are a minority—that several unusual factors conspired to work against Morris, and for Case; and that these with a single exception (aid to the aged) did not have ideological roots.

The pamphlet is worth reading even if one resists the conclusions. It is available from the New Jersey Council for Preservation of Republican Principles, P. O. Box 7, Rutherford, New Jersey, for one dollar.

To the Editor of National Review:

On behalf of the Committee of Sponsors for the Fifth Anniversary Dinner for NATIONAL REVIEW, I should appreciate your making public the following brief financial report on the Dinner.

Total receipts		$11,335.00
Total expenses		
Printing and mailing	$ 2,127.86	
Photography	303.85	
Miscellaneous	100.00	
Hotel Plaza	10,320.11	
		$12,851.82
Deficit		$ 1,516.82

All the clerical work was contributed. The deficit will be paid by friends of the magazine among the sponsors.

MARVIN LIEBMAN
Executive Secretary, Committee of Sponsors
343 Lexington Avenue, New York, N.Y.

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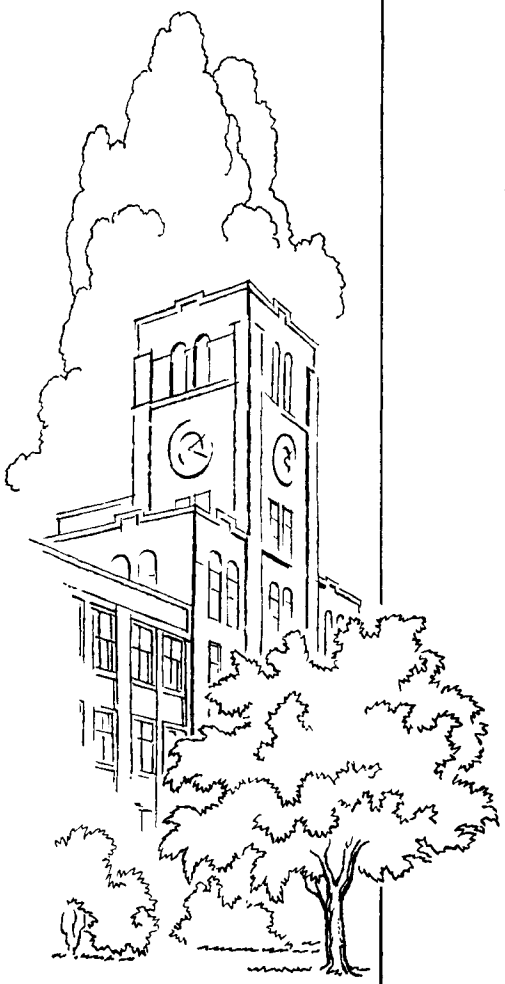

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The THIRD WORLD WAR

JAMES BURNHAM

What Targets for Polwar?

In the conduct of our international affairs, we have been spending several billion dollars yearly on foreign aid, information programs, cultural exchange and clandestine ("black") activities. Contrary to widespread assumption, however, very few of these may correctly be classified as "political warfare" or "psychological warfare."

Genuine political warfare (I will use this as the most general term) is not mere competition or rivalry. It is a form of *war,* and therefore *strategic* in nature, with specific *power* objectives. Our foreign aid, information programs, cultural exchanges, and most of the black doings are seldom conceived strategically, organized as definite missions, and clearly targeted. They are usually pursued in terms of non-strategic goals like friendship, truth, equality, or developing the underdeveloped.

It is sometimes said that democracies *cannot* fight true political warfare because of the looseness of their social structure, their lack of political discipline and persistence, the inhibiting effect of democratic moral standards, and so on. This argument seems rather an excuse than an explanation for failure. Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation, Wilson's Fourteen Points, Lawrence's operations in Arabia, Allied atrocity propaganda in the First World War, the William Allen White Committee's job in pushing us toward the Second World War, and a score of other examples prove that modern democracies are capable of carrying out big and successful polwar actions.

Political warfare contains many branches: all types of agitation, propaganda, subversion, economic manipulation, incitement of riots, terror, diversionary diplomacy, sabotage, guerrilla and paramilitary actions, etc.; everything, in sum, short of the employment of the main formal armed forces. Let me, in the remainder of this present note, stick to the psychological branches—agitation, propaganda, rumors and that sort of thing.

The Enemy as Teacher

A fencer or boxer can learn the vulnerabilities of his opponent in the course of fighting him. The dentist can spot the weak tooth by the "ouch" that comes when he pokes it.

Now in the past couple of years, Communist yelps have revealed a number of their prime psywar vulnerabilities, in particular four:

1. *The captive nations.* Just before Mr. Nixon's 1959 trip to Russia, the President, acting on a congressional joint resolution, proclaimed "Captive Nations Week." Throughout Nixon's visit, Khrushchev showed almost hourly that he was obsessed by this American action — little as it amounted to in reality. Khrushchev couldn't stay away from the source of irritation, even though Nixon, for all his finger-shaking, disowned the whole subject instead of piling it on, as elementary polwar tactics would have dictated. And whenever the captive nations matter is brought up, the same sort of shrill, obsessive response comes at once from Russian spokesmen—above all if non-Russian nations within the Soviet borders (Ukraine, Georgia, etc.) are included among the named captives.

2. *The colonial issue.* In the course of the past year's endless yakking about colonialism, a few Western diplomats have mentioned, more or less in passing, that the Soviet Union is now the principal colonial empire on earth. When this idea (a variant of the captive nations theme) so much as breaks the parliamentary surface, the Communists start pounding shoes and screaming like stuck hogs.

3. *Secrecy.* The reaction to the U-2 flights was by no means all put on. Russians — and Chinese also — have always had an obsessive craving for secrecy about themselves and their country. They go wild at the idea that outsiders are prying into their affairs. The real and imagined Western radars, spies, camera-flaunting schoolboys, spy-planes, spy-missiles drive them frantic—as witness, once again, their sustained yelping. What fun it would be if our leaders, instead of minimizing our prying behind our enemy's curtain, boasted—daily and gaily—about how nakedly he is exposed to our myriad eyes!

4. *The show of force.* And that most old-fashioned of psywar operations, the provocative show of military force, distresses them no end. What a roaring they put on from Peking and Moscow as the Seventh Fleet raced back and forth through Taiwan Strait! What bloodthirsty threats from the Kremlin as the marines landed in Lebanon! Of course, they didn't *do* anything; in fact, knuckled under in both cases, just as they won't do anything but bleat and bluster while the Navy takes physical command of the waters between Cuba and Guatemala-Nicaragua.

Why Not Hit Where it Hurts?

If we really wanted to conduct a few serious psywar campaigns, haven't they thus been writing the script for us? All we have to do is to take these four themes (the fourth is a series of actions rather than a theme) and keep pounding away, day by day, in every assembly, by every medium of expression and communication, no matter what the nominal subject at hand.

The enemy has himself taught us that by hammering along any one of these lines, we throw him off balance. We force him on the psychological and political defensive, and compel him to drop his own offensive projects in order to meet our psychological assault.

On the operational side, there would be nothing particularly difficult about campaigns along these lines. We have the data to fuel them, and no special genius or training is needed to carry them out. If we really tried them seriously, for a while, we might find ourselves so pleased with the results that we would begin to translate them from the purely psychological to the more activist phases of political warfare.

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The Right Not to Be Loved

The most disastrous people in America, says the author, have taken up the cult of wholesale love. She maintains love should be discriminatory.

TAYLOR CALDWELL

"Everyone has the right to be loved," say the "love" cultists, dampening their spaniel eyes and flooding everything in sight with warm pink jello. If you contest this, they look crushed, fold their hands prayerfully, and whimper softly in their throats—and hate you like all hell in their cold black hearts. If you add to your disagreement the statement that only God has an inherent right to be loved, then they've got you! At the very least you are a McCarthyite, and therefore detestable, if not outright dangerous.

Many of the younger folk in their thirties are under the misapprehension that this nauseating love-cult began around the time Roosevelt was first afflicting the country. Not so, children. It began, in America, around the turn of the century, and I first encountered it when I was six, in 1907. As I was born in England—a doughty and masculine nation then with only lust for booty in its eye and a powerful hatred for all that was lying, sentimental and sticky in its heart—I had to go to school at the age of four and no nonsense about kindergarten, either. The schoolmistress of our tiny little private school in Manchester had a strong and realistic suspicion of all children, and had developed remarkable dexterity with her ruler and was fast on her feet. Our parents were under the deplorable delusion that they were sending their children there to be taught and to be disciplined, and for that they paid two pounds for each little barbarian, tea included. Miss Brothers lived up to what was expected of her, and I remember the many thrashings I received, all of them deserved. The only trauma I suffered was the silent hope that some day I'd be as large as Miss Brothers and could then safely punch her in the jaw. We all cherished that hope, but in the meantime we learned, and we respected our teacher and our parents and our clergy. We never wanted Miss Brothers, or any one else for that matter, to "love" us, for we knew exactly what we were and what dark demons smoldered in our most impure little hearts, and how utterly unworthy of any affection we were, and how devoid of affection our atavistic souls. In short, we were healthy children.

My first encounter with the new American stickiness was when my mother took me to a public school shortly after our arrival in this country. The principal was a lady. I had very strong memories of Miss Brothers so Mama and I were quite taken aback when the lady leapt from behind her desk, seized my hands, looked down at me with a veritable torrent of love streaming from behind her spectacles, and warbled, "Six years old? How wonderful, wonderful! And what a lovely, nice little girl!" I was six all right, but there was nothing wonderful about it and I most certainly was not in the least nice or lovely. Mama assured the principal of this fact very severely, and the lady turned a most stern glance upon Mama. "The girl," said Mama, in her no-nonsense voice, and returning the glare, "is the third form. I don't know what you call it here, but that is what it is in England."

"You mean, Mrs. Caldwell," said the principal, aghast, "that this baby has *already* been to school and," she dropped her voice, "can read and write . . . ?"

"She's also had a year of French," Mama broke in, "and she won first prize last Christmas for her essay on Charles Dickens. A baby? She's six years old!"

"But her age-mates are still in kindergarten, or, at the very most, in the first grade!" exclaimed the principal in horror, and with a gesture as if holding off obscenity. "This child just can't miss the experience of being with her age-mates! It is against all our new and progressive rules." So, I was stuck in first grade with my "age-mates," infants all. I slept with my eyes open, in sheer bored stupefaction while the alphabet pranced over the blackboard and the teacher caroled.

One day Papa gave me a brand new dime, issued that year, 1907, and with mill marks. He also gave me a small book on valuable coins. The dime was very precious and I took it to school and kept it on my desk while I studied numismatics surreptitiously while the children learned to spell cat and dog and horse and boy and girl.

Needless to say, my "age-mates," as they called it then, and I had nothing in common. Their prattling disgusted me, their dependency made me scornful. I was a very intolerant child indeed, and no one as yet had assured me that I should love everybody. That came very shortly however, through Walter, a particularly stupid but greedy boy in the seat ahead of me. He was also big and fat. Walter, apparently, had become aware of my shining dime and he had the normal larceny of children in his spirit. So between one moment and the next, my dime deftly disappeared. I promptly raised a horrendous howl. The teacher came running. I stood up, pointed at Walter, then outraged to my very boots I whammed the boy heavily over the head with my book.

The teacher found my dime in Walter's pocket, of course. We were both sent to the principal "for correction." I gathered, at once, that the theft had disturbed the teacher less than my assault on Walter, and I suffered my first confusion. Stealing was expressly forbidden in the Ten

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Commandments; it was a dire sin. Yet I, obviously, had committed the greater sin. We arrived at the principal's office, Walter whimpering, and I trying to sort out the strange set of morals newly presented to me. The principal was not in at the moment, but a radiant-faced lady was, who looked at us brightly when we entered dourly together. She was Miss Bloater, she told us coquettishly. She "visited" schools and counselled teachers. Walter stared at her emptily, I without interest. Miss Bloater asked us cheerily why we had come to the principal's office. I told her, curtly. She listened to me, and her face lost some of its beaminess and became a little sharp.

Then, to my surprise, she flung herself from her chair and knelt down in an attitude of adoration before Walter, so that her right knee touched the floor in a genuflection I thought was reserved for God only. As Walter was so large, her head reached approximately to his belly-button. She placed her hands on his shoulders like a penitent. She gazed yearningly up into his fat face.

"Little Walter," she said in a voice like a mourning dove, "tell me. Did you *feel* you just *had* to take that money?"

"It's my dime," I said.

"*Your* dime!" she exclaimed, cuttingly. I stepped back, more confused than ever. It was my first encounter with the hatred inflicted on those who had, and the utter detestation. To have a dime, it seemed, was a sort of sin in itself. The lady turned back to Walter, who was blinking rapidly. The mourning-dove voice went on.

"Does your Mummy love you, darling? Does Daddy love you?"

"Yep," muttered Walter.

"But listen, dear. Do you have brothers and sisters who don't like you, and who won't share with you?"

"Nope," said Walter. "There's just me."

These were not the expected answers. Miss Bloater shook him tenderly. "Do your parents leave you alone often, darling?"

"Nope."

Walter was now getting confused, himself. "But you felt you *just* had to have that money, didn't you, sweet?" said Miss Bloater. "Why? Did it make you feel happy?" She cocked her head at him archly, though there was now just the tiniest suggestion of impatience in her voice.

"Yep," said Walter.

"Why, dear? Don't be afraid; just tell me."

"Two sodas," said Walter.

Walter, though stupid, still possessed the average child's devilish smartness. He was beginning to get

the drift. He began to blubber. "Nobody loves me!" he wailed.

"Aha, aha," crooned Miss Bloater. She rose and then pressed Walter passionately to her bosom. "I understand. Yes, yes." She looked at me over Walter's bullock head. Her face became quite savage.

"As for you!" she cried, "Haven't you ever been taught to *love*? To forgive?"

"Why should I love Walter?" I asked. The woman was obviously daft. "I don't like him. Besides, you only love people you know and who earn love."

"Don't you want everyone to love you?" she asked ominously, her eyes beginning to sparkle.

"No," I said. "Why should I?"

Miss Bloater went home with me to confront Mama with my apparent anti-social tendencies. I don't remember the conversation very clearly except that Mama told Miss Bloater that she was quite mad, and what was all this love thing, and is that what they taught in American schools? Mama, who could outargue Lucifer himself, and had a sprightly temper, finally subdued Miss Bloater, opened the door and then slammed it after the muttering lady. She then gave me a sound cuffing on the principle that I probably deserved it anyway for a past or future sin, and an angry warning that if I were the cause, again of "demented old maids" coming to the house I'd get ten times worse than this.

Mama's good temper was restored by the time Papa arrived home, and she told him the story with much hilarity. Papa shook his head; he was an old man of twenty-eight and all his words were wisdom to me. "A barmy country," he said (Papa did not live to see his beloved England become "barmy" too. It would have broken his heart.) "You must go to that school, Annie," he told my mother, "and get the girl out of that infants' class, and into the third or fourth form." So Mama did, and I was happily rescued from my "agemates," though not without some desperate resistance from the principal.

I've never forgotten my first nauseating encounter with "love" on a wholesale basis, without discrimination, without dignity, without respect for privacy, without decency. And each time I've come up against its massive stickiness, its outrageous impertinence, I've been freshly sickened. It has spread through every area of American life an insipid and creeping huge aspic, blurring the edges of heroism and responsibility, setting awash weak millions in a sea of drifting sweetness, melting away standards and principles and virtues.

Worst of all, the most disastrous people in America have taken it up. Left-wing professors, social workers, bureaucrats, politicans, fellow travelers—all carry with them the soft pink of brotherly love, for their own kind exclusively, of course. The syrup pours from their lying lips so lavishly that one has only to come into contact with any of them to feel one's fingers sticking together, one's throat gagging, and one's soul revolting. The curious thing about this is

(Continued on p. 359)

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National Trends

The Challenge to Conservatives, I

L. BRENT BOZELL

There was an hour or so during the counting of the returns—shortly before midnight in the East — when things seemed to be working out ideally by the lights of certain conservatives whose strategic concepts were much too Machiavellian for public exposition during the campaign. Kennedy was winning by enough, but not by too much — enough to eliminate Nixon from future competition and to discredit Republican me-tooism, yet not so much as to give Democrats a clear "mandate" for implementing the far-out commitments of the Los Angeles platform. The Republican Party as a whole, moreover, was doing well enough to assure a continuation of the conservative coalition in Congress: the real flesh-and-blood brake on executive extremism. Why was this vision alluring? Because a clean Kennedy victory would have cleared the way for an uncluttered struggle between Goldwater and Rockefeller, possibly the chance of our lifetime to test the viability of conservative ideology in American politics. And because a stymied Kennedy—stymied by the arithmetic of the coalition and by the instinctive combativeness of Republicans-in-opposition — would probably leave the country and its international position, four years hence, in a state not much worse than he inherited.

With the passing of a couple of more hours, the picture had radically changed. The Republican congressional vote held up, indeed got better; but as Nixon himself began to close the gap, the prospects for decisive conservative maneuver began to fade. They have not disappeared altogether, but it is essential, as conservatives plan for the future, that they take into account some of the more obvious weaknesses of their position.

One is the survival of Nixon. For it is clear that nothing less than a non-politically motivated decision by the Vice President to apply his talents to another calling can remove him from contention at the 1964 Republican convention. And he will be there with delegates, some of whom would otherwise belong to Goldwater.

True, the Vice President will be up against the argument about nominating a loser. But in Nixon's case, so narrow was his failure, there are already a hundred "if only's" in the post-mortem analyses that stand ready to be converted into arguments why things will be different the second time around. Again: any man so deeply entrenched with a party organization as Nixon proved himself to be in the pre-convention crushing of Rockefeller, who then proceeds to reward such support by capturing half of the country's popular vote, cannot lack vigorous partisans in a future bid.

Viewed within the framework of a struggle between Goldwaterism and Rockefellerism, Nixon's position is even stronger. One possibility is that Rockefeller, himself, will be eliminated by failing to be re-elected governor in 1962. In that case, barring the emergence of a new Liberal champion, for example Senator Case, the Rockefeller element will turn to Nixon to block Goldwater, and thus add to Nixon's residual strength with middle of the roaders and conservatives. The other possibility is that Rockefeller will be re-elected and that both he and Goldwater will go into the convention with substantial delegate strength, with Nixon holding a balance of power. In that case, Nixon can expect partisans of both Goldwater and Rockefeller to compromise on him rather than switch to the rival at the other extreme.

The other conservative weakness is the continued absence of convincing evidence that GOP me-tooism loses votes. True, the election furnished no clear proof to the contrary. The fact, for example, that Senators Case and Saltonstall ran ahead of Nixon while conservatives Curtis, Schoeppel and Mundt ran behind him is traceable directly to the religious issue: it was bound to give Nixon a special advantage in the Midwest and a special disadvantage in the East. On the other hand, the theory that Nixon's Liberalism was a *liability* is just that —a theory.

The stay-at-home argument, for instance—the notion that the non-voting portion of the eligible electorate is a reservoir of conservative strength—has conclusively been laid to rest. It had a theoretical plausibility after Dewey lost with a small voter turnout in 1948, but not after the 1960 election which saw an additional 20 million votes cast, every one of them for a Liberal. Nor is it plausible, considering those who did vote, to suppose that people who preferred the more-Liberal Kennedy to the less-Liberal Nixon would have voted for a conservative, if they had the chance. There is a notable exception—Southerners; and perhaps a portion of one other bloc — hard anti-Communist Catholics. But would there not have been offsetting losses elsewhere?

Frank Meyer writes in these pages, "Nixon won no state that a conservative could not carry." I disagree. Illinois, Ohio, California, Wisconsin, Washington—these at least—are open to serious question. The reality of this election, I suspect, is that Nixon's vote, over and beyond the regular party vote, was essentially an *anti-Kennedy* vote—anti his religion, anti his youth, anti his inexperience. But the type of candidate who can profit most from the unpopularity of his opponent is the political neuter—a man somewhat like the new Nixon whose views erect the fewest possible barriers to acceptance by his opponent's enemies. Goldwater's principled offerings — his startling involvement with ideology—would, I fear, *at the country's present level of political consciousness*, have frightened off much of the anti-Kennedy vote.

This, then, is where we start: with our grave handicaps. Success, however, is not necessarily out of reach. It depends, as we shall later see, on educating, inspiriting and capturing the Republican Party organization; on rigorous concentration on the potentially-conservative geographical areas; on the infinitely exciting possibilities of Goldwater salesmanship.

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Principles and Heresies

FRANK S. MEYER

Only Four Years to 1964

CONSERVATIVES should, by the nature of their philosophical outlook, always be able to see immediate events (even events that have roused their passions) in relation to abiding principle, and to assess them in perspective. Thus and thus only can they fulfill their responsibilities and avoid becoming victims of monetary circumstances and transitory groupings of power.

The failure of conservatives over the past twenty years to consider the problems of Presidential elections in this light has been the decisive cause of their continuing political ineffectiveness. Trailing the course of events, quadrennium after quadrennium they have been led captive in the train of Liberal Republican Presidential nominees, from Willkie to Nixon. If there is to be a break in this fatuous record of failure, the meaning of the 1960 election must be apprehended in the light of the four Presidential campaigns that preceded it, and in the light of the ends and purposes of conservatives. With this as a foundation, the general outline of a strategy for 1964 can be developed now; and it is now, not in the year just before the next Presidential conventions, that a strategy will have to be developed, if it is to be effective, if conservatives are not once again to be pawns in an internecine struggle for power among Liberals.

I MYSELF have held the view throughout the campaign that nothing, nothing whatever, of political significance for conservatives was at issue *between* Nixon and Kennedy. There was much that was significant in the manner in which the campaign was conducted and in the role that conservatives played in the election, but conservatives had no stake in the fortunes of the rival candidates.

The *manner in which the campaign was conducted* emphasized with the greatest clarity that on no principled issues did the Republican and the Democratic standard-bearers differ. If there could have been any doubt in advance, Nixon made it perfectly clear in the first television debate, when he stressed his complete agreement with Kennedy on all basic issues, explicitly announcing that he disagreed only on the methods and tempo of achieving Liberal ends.

The *role of conservatives in the campaign* was of significance only insofar as they contributed to the strength of the Republican Liberal. Only in one respect did they make themselves seriously felt—in the largely spontaneous demonstration of sentiment around Senator Barry Goldwater. And that was, for this year, all the Goldwater movement came to—a demonstration of sentiment. This is not to criticize Senator Goldwater's strategy at the convention and in the campaign; considering the continued failure of conservatives to achieve clarity of principle upon the electoral process, their continuing bemused refusal to learn the lessons of previous elections, and their lack of effective political organization, there was probably nothing else for him to do than what he did, so long as he wished to remain an effective political figure.

IF the same drab drama is not to be played out in 1964 and 1968 and 1972, if the potential electoral strength of Barry Goldwater is not to go the way of that of other conservative leaders of the past two decades, then conservatives will have to recognize that they have no stake in the Republican Party *as such*. Which does NOT mean any underestimation of the importance to conservatives of a struggle to capture control of the Republican Party. The Republican Party is an existing vehicle of the American political system, which, if captured by conservatives, could sweep into its support Southern conservatives and create a new majority of the South, the Midwest, the Mountain States, the Far West, and some smaller states of the East. Nixon won no state that a conservative could not carry, and, given the addition of the South, he would have been elected. The struggle for the capture of the Republican Party cannot be lightly cast aside in the name of an abstract third-party purity.

But, on the other hand, so long as conservatives cannot see beyond loyalty to the Republican Party as a condition limiting their entire strategy, they are foredoomed to defeat—and for two reasons. First, if they make it clear in advance that whatever the Republican Party does it will have their support, the logic of politics dictates that the Republican Party will remain a Liberal party. Under such circumstances, the conservative vote is locked in as a Republican vote—which predetermines that the Liberal argument will prevail: "The conservatives have nowhere else to go; so, to win, the Republicans must nominate a Liberal candidate and write a Liberal platform."

Second, if conservatives wish to preserve their political existence, they cannot afford again to support a Liberal candidate; therefore, should they fail to prevail in the Republican convention, their existence as a political entity demands that they be prepared to walk out of that convention and, uniting with Democratic conservatives, fulfill their duty of presenting to the country a meaningful choice.

TRUE, such understanding and such a strategy will not guarantee a conservative victory in 1964; but it is better to lose in 1964 and win in 1968, than to face another election like those of 1940, 1944, 1948, 1952, 1956 and 1960, in which conservatism was foredoomed to defeat whatever the outcome. It may take beyond 1964 for a clear conservative political leadership to create a winning majority; but meanwhile there are the congressional races of 1962, 1964 and 1966, in which there is no doubt that, at least in the Senate, the existence of a sharp conservative alternative to prevailing Liberalism can produce a totally new political situation in the United States and end the domination of political life by one brand or another of Liberalism.

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How to Deal with Africa

If Stevenson's massive foreign policy report to Mr. Kennedy is on an intellectual par with these thoughts on Africa—Caveat Emptor!

GRAHAM WEIGLE

Mr. Adlai Stevenson's notions about Africa, published in *Harper's* (May 1960), command some attention. For Mr. Stevenson is probably the only practicing big-time politician who commands the genuine admiration, respect and support of the leftists who control the education of our children and spread the social doctrines that are sapping the foundations of our society. The Stevenson doctrines are, therefore, certain eventually to gain recognition, irrespective of his immediate political fortunes. Finally, having made his way among hard-nosed politicians and elegant intellectuals alike, as a combination of politician and classicist, he is the archetypal practical idealist: a man whose carefully reasoned philosophies are, we are urged to believe, a distillate of Western classical learning; a man who sets his eye upon the "realities" while he plants his feet on the foundations of Western morality. In short, Mr. Stevenson is no flyweight; he should articulate as tight and responsible a case as can be found anywhere in the Liberal wing.

Writing of events in Africa and the policies that he proposes the West now adopt in relation to them, Mr. Stevenson gives proof of his regard for reality. The relevant and dismaying phenomena, which are scrupulously listed and even dwelt upon, seem to be these:

1. Most of the black race is or will soon be independent of colonial rule. Bloody violence may last for generations, largely because of tribal enmities and disputed boundaries.

2. The economy is primitive agriculture. Much of the soil is poor. Natural resources (except water power) are scarce. Industrialization will be expensive, will take time, and will depend wholly upon foreign investment and skill.

3. Democratic government of the new nations is not conceivable at present. The black population, numerically overwhelming, is almost wholly illiterate. Until there are an educated elite and a massive base of literacy, the new nations will have to be governed by oligarchy.

4. The annual cost to the West of keeping open the possibility of eventual democratic government in the new states will be "probably not less than a billion dollars a year."

In the face of these bleak realities Mr. Stevenson says we should 1) support the free association of autonomous African states with a wider European or Atlantic community, 2) encourage local moves toward interdependence and federation, and 3) undertake on a serious and sustained basis the task of assisting Africa across the barrier of modernization.

Dollars with Strings

Encouragement of local moves toward interdependence and federation is Mr. Stevenson's answer to the threat of civil war; especially, to the threat of a massacre of the non-black populations once the blacks take over. How are local moves toward interdependence to be encouraged? By aid—offered "most generously where it can be done on a joint or regional basis." In other words, dollars with strings. Given the natives' present hostility toward "colonialism" and "imperialism," which our intellectuals have done so much to encourage, any dollar pressure, even if accompanied by nothing else, would call forth a storm of vilification. The day has long passed when the crudity of dollar suasion alone could achieve the designs of foreign policy, particularly among the hypersensitive colored races. African leaders, from Tom Mboya to Jomo Kenyatta, patently feel that aid, even as a gift, is humiliating enough and that in other forms it becomes an insufferable insult. As if apologizing for the monumental inadequacy of his scheme, Mr. Stevenson says simply that he does not see what else we can do. "We only seek," he says, "to leave other peoples' destinies in their own hands."

Self-determination: this is the rock in the soup. According to this theory all people have an eternal right to withdraw from, overthrow, or modify their institutions whenever and however they wish; and outsiders may not interfere. The idea revived after our own Civil War, which was fought to establish the opposite principle. It has led to divided purpose, diplomatic and public schizophrenia, and the decline of American leadership in world affairs. We and our allies are obliged, for the sake of world survival, to exert our influence in international affairs—without using influence. We have been thrust into a position of leadership—but must not lead. We have immense power to use—but must not use it. We have rifles without triggers and bombs without fuses. Is it a wonder that we are confused? The theory is a logical absurdity. If practiced rigorously, all decent social organization above the level of the family would disappear. "Self-determination" is the soil that nourished Hitler, Castro, Nasser and today, jungle law in Africa. Its invariable consequence is anarchy, usually followed by tyranny. Given the doctrine of the self-determination of other peoples as our national foreign policy, it is obvious that neither Mr. Stevenson nor anyone else will ever be able to see what to do.

The final point raised by Mr. Stevenson has some meat in it. In plain words it means that the West should underwrite the conversion of Africa into an industrial society. The cost, estimated at one billion dollars a year, appears to be a guess on Mr. Stevenson's part. Psychologically it is right: less than a billion would be

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stingy; more might attract unwelcome attention; and "one" of anything has a harmless sound. If the program becomes reality, however, the billion probably won't buy shoes enough for the newly-shackled feet. The final cost of other foreign aid projects has hit ten times the amount originally estimated; are we to expect the Africans, of all people under the sun, to be less niggardly?

Under the Stevenson formula our investments in Africa, ostensibly commercial, will prove to have been gifts. Whether made as private or as governmental investments or as a combination, they will ultimately have to be written off, because the new African nations will find it difficult to pay off the investment even with the best of intentions. Repayment must necessarily be in raw materials, because African manufacturers cannot conceivably compete in world markets for a long time to come. And raw materials are scarce. But the actual intentions of the African leaders don't seem to be sweetly reasonable. Their attitude ranges from rampant hostility to low cynicism. Plainly, if we are content to deal with such leaders, we must expect them to repudiate their obligations and to expropriate foreign investments whenever they think the cow is dry.

Yet Adlai, despite all, insists that we smother the African fire in a foam of dollars. He tries to justify his program by a reference to the Communist threat and also by the assumption that we may somehow gain from a demonstration of democratic achievement in Africa. His case is weak, and he seems to know it. On economic and political grounds his cause is hopeless. So he rests his case at last upon morality. "What is being tested," he says in his closing line, "is, in the last analysis, the moral capacity of our society."

And what Adlai means by "morality" is something very queer indeed. The Western nations, for example, have the moral duty to oppose immorality in the form of Communism or in any other form; but the African nations, says Mr. Stevenson, should not be involved in "cold war pressures." Individual liberty and the dignity of man are essentially moral concepts, and under these the rejection of colonialism was morally justified. How then does Adlai think the new African nations are morally justified in refusing the moral duty we feel in opposing Communism? In Africa are Western morals to be only half-asserted?

If that is so, then the whole African movement for freedom is a farce. The blacks will have succeeded only in exchanging rulers. The African must live by and defend the whole morality that has brought him to the door of freedom; he will never open it otherwise. If we exclude the African from the ideological struggle, we shall have turned against him and against our own moral convictions.

Of greater significance for the world is the moral implication of self-determination. Let us assume, as Mr. Stevenson predicts, that the new nations of Africa are born in oligarchy —his euphemism for dictatorship. The

struggle for power between politicians, nations, and tribes will bring far greater suffering and bloodshed to the African than he has ever known before. Mere technical and financial assistance of the kind suggested by Mr. Stevenson, if it does anything more than enrich the native politicians, will simply put weapons in the hands of ambitious and unscrupulous men bidding for power on any terms. Ingenuity and imagination are not required. Nasser and Castro have shown the way.

Is it moral to encourage Africa to this disaster as Mr. Stevenson and most other intellectuals have? Is it moral to inflict these conditions on the helpless masses? Is it moral for the West to stand aside, incanting its mumbo-jumbo of self-determination, while Africa reverts to savagery? Is this not rather to abdicate our responsibility to foster freedom, the rule of law, and the primacy of the individual?

The West cannot ignore the developments in Africa. We are involved in the struggle. The black man needs food, clothing, shelter, education, medicine, leisure, and prestige among nations. At the same time he is ignorant of the institutions and processes that have made these possible in the West.

How Help Must Come

We cannot help Africa with a flood of undirected dollars. We shall not help her by fostering a return to savagery. We will indeed help her by offering through the United Nations or in concert with other countries, a thorough program of industrial modernization, based on technical and social education, and upon the essential condition that the fostering nations retain control during the development of the plan. Control must include at least the security of our investments, the direction of technical developments, and the guidance of mass education.

This is not a new imperialism. The investing nations would be committed before the world to prepare the Africans for self-rule according to plan and to withdraw completely at the end of the time specified. The sole purpose of the plan would be to establish the minimum conditions necessary to provide adequate capital, both private and governmental, to fund development and to prepare the Africans with the knowledge, institutions, and devotion to principle necessary to successful self-government.

Even on these terms, the program would involve huge expense, because much of the investment could never be recovered. At best the African might be enabled to hurdle several millenia in a few generations at a cost that would not ruin the partners.

Some such plan ought to be offered unashamedly and pushed aggressively. African leaders eager to participate would soon come forward if they were strongly and openly supported. It is time to stand unequivocally on the principles in which we believe. With our spirit and our treasure we must aid those who will stand with us. We must refuse aid to those who will not. We cannot do less, or we shall awake on some black morning to find that our "eternal vigilance" has been a vigil at the tomb of Western civilization.

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From the Academy

RUSSELL KIRK

Fair Employment Practices in City Colleges

Of American professors, says Dr. George N. Shuster—who until recently was president of Hunter College—"many have been or are sons of rabbis and ministers of the Gospel who have preferred secular learning to the lore of Scripture. These have given to the universities and colleges they have served a very special impulse to achieve innovation and even reform. Perhaps they are primarily responsible for a quality no one can dissociate from the American campus and which is virtually unknown in Europe—a characteristic to be defined on the one hand as an almost bellicose addiction to freedom and on the other as a commitment to a 'Liberal position,' not quite a dogma this but almost one, which assays the Devil according to the degrees of his 'conservatism.'"

Intolerant Liberals

The city colleges of New York, with which Dr. Shuster was so closely acquainted, are most notorious for the quasi-religious intolerance which looks upon conservatism—and Catholicism, incidentally—as the mark of the Beast. Queens College, for perhaps a decade, has been the worst offender or sufferer. In his *Collectivism on the Campus,* Dr. Merrill Root describes the attempt of collectivistic Liberals among faculty and students to drive out Professor Kenneth Colegrove, a distinguished political scientist, in 1953. This failed at the time, but there have been several instances since of scholars being refused tenure at Queens, or otherwise got rid of, for presuming to hold views at variance with those of the "ritualistic" Liberals. Dr. Felix Wittmer was refused tenure there for such reasons; and Dr. Dale Fallon, another teacher of history, who had the misfortune to be both a Catholic and a conservative, lost his post three years ago, though he endeavored to obtain reinstatement or compensation through a law suit. (All three of these professors now are on the faculty of C. W. Post College, Greenvale, Long Island, as is your servant.)

Now the New York State Commission against Discrimination has adjudged Queens College guilty of discrimination against Catholics on the faculty. For two years Commissioner J. Edward Conway investigated Queens; and his findings are altogether convincing and saddening. At the city colleges of New York, tenure and promotion are granted by faculty committees, rather than by presidents or departmental chairmen. For many years, at two or three of the city colleges, these tenure committees have been dominated by "relatively atheistic" and radical professors. One Catholic scholar was told, "We have cultivated a secular attitude here at Queens College, and you don't fit here." The general conclusion of the Commission against Discrimination was that the Queens College faculty has adhered intolerantly to "an intellectual trend in our colleges [that] is secular and Liberal . . . not religious, not conservative."

I happen to know the sort of academic bigot who would expel from the Academy every conservatively-inclined or religiously-influenced scholar. Commonly this bigot is hot against "McCarthyism" and mightily alarmed at alleged threats to freedom of opinion in America; he wails against "pressures toward conformity." What he seeks, of course, is not liberality of opinion, but an abject conformity, enforced by faculty committees, to his own "secular" and ideological orthodoxy. He is a fool or a hypocrite—or, commonly, both.

And it is not only at Queens that toleration requires official enforcement. At another city college, a professor of languages—who happened to be a conservative and a Catholic—recently was a candidate for receiving tenure. He had published more than everyone else in his department combined, and had an admirable record as a teacher; but the faculty committee put every obstacle in his way. They pretended to believe that he had not really written the books and articles he listed; when he produced letters from his publishers certifying that two more books of his would be published soon, the inquisitors of the faculty committee telephoned the publisher's office to ask if the letters were forgeries. When, at last, they no longer could deny his claims to authorship, members of the committee argued that if he had published so much, he must have neglected his duties as a teacher. At length they refused point-blank to grant him tenure—despite the earnest recommendation of his departmental chairman—because he "had an immoral influence on students."

What did the committee mean by "immoral influence"? Why, the candidate was "against democracy." (He had, incidentally, spent several years as a prisoner in Nazi concentration camps.) How was he against democracy? Why, he had "said unkind things about John Dewey."

So a slavish conformity to the letter of St. John Dewey is the index of morality at certain city colleges. In this case, I rejoice to report, the college president overruled the faculty tenure-committee and gave the "immoral" scholar permanent tenure. But such defiance of committees by city college presidents is rare.

Not Only New York

Although the city colleges of New York are the worst offenders, some tinge of this intolerance may be found throughout the country—and not merely at municipal or state institutions. Nor is it confined to attacks upon Catholic professors. The sincere Protestant scholar often is the butt of gibes at important universities; while at a state university in the West, some months ago, there occurred a poison-pen campaign against Jewish members of the faculty.

The Academy cannot afford to admit everyone to its privileges. One species of "scholar" ought to be rejected: the fanatic ideologue; the enemy of toleration, the wisdom of our ancestors, and the tradition of civility.

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Three Poems

WILLIAM CARLOS WILLIAMS

Song

you are forever April
to me
the eternally unready

forsythia a blonde
straight
legged girl

whom I myself
ignorant
as I was taught

to read the poems
my arms
about your neck

we clung together
peril-
ously

more than a young
girl
should know

a burst of frost-
nipped
yellow flowers

in the spring
of
the year

The Stone Crock

In my hand I hold
a postcard
addressed to me
by a lady

Stoneware Crock
Salt-Glazed
a dandelion embossed
dark blue

She selected it
for me to
admire casually
in passing

She is a Jewess
intimate of
a man I
admired

we often met in
her studio
and talked
of him

He loved the early
art of this
country
blue stoneware

stamped on the
bulge of it
Albany reminding me
of him

Now he is dead how
gentle he
was and
persistent

Song

beauty is a shell
from the sea
where she rules triumphant
till love have its way with her

scallops and
lion's paws
sculptured to the
tune of retreating waves

undying accents
repeated till
the ear and the eye lie
down together in the same bed

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Vanitas Vanitatum

FRANCIS RUSSELL

Before I entered Harvard in the Autumn of 1928, I had spent the previous six years at the Roxbury Latin School where the roar of the Twenties scarcely penetrated. Roxbury Latin was a shabby grey school in the shabby grey lodging-house section of Roxbury, an ancient wooden building with low soot-stained classrooms, fireplaces that burned cannel coal, and from the second floor a view of the Custom House tower and the somber near-reaches of Boston. There I learned Latin and Greek after a fashion, but as for the modern world that frothed and bubbled and revolved outside, I might as well have been in a cloister. Dr. Daniel Varney Thompson, our headmaster, was the compiler of the anthology, *British Verse for Boys and Girls,* and for this his alma mater, Amherst, had created him a Doctor of Humane Letters. *British Verse* began with the prelude to the *Canterbury Tales* and ended with *Sea Fever,* and in the introduction Dr. Thompson spoke of those two rising young poets John Masefield and Alfred Noyes. That was modern poetry for us. *The Wasteland* was not even on the map. In our last year in English, under Dr. Thompson's tutelage, we read *Macbeth* and three modern novels: Willa Cather's *Death Comes for the Archbishop;* a novel by some one about Goldsmith, called *The Jessamy Bride;* and another about Paul Revere, the author and title and substance of which I long ago forgot.

But at Harvard I at last moved into my century when I met my friend Irvine from Andover. Andover was a school that by comparison with Roxbury Latin was very sophisticated indeed. For Irvine talked knowingly about Ambrose Bierce, *The Bridge of San Luis Rey,* Mencken, Edna St. Vincent Millay, Jurgen, and above all *The Sun Also Rises.* A year later he would have moved on to *Ulysses* and would refer sneeringly to "little boy Hemingway," but at the time I met him *The Sun Also Rises* was *the* book. I couldn't make much sense out of *Jurgen,* and though I read Hemingway with at least surface understanding, my Thompson-trained mind found his habit of stringing sentences together with "and" as disconcerting as a hiccup. Besides, six years of Roxbury Latin left quite a gap between me and the lost generation. Nevertheless, by a process of osmosis I was on my way to becoming a sophisticate. I did not really complete the job, however, until Irvine introduced me to the magazine *Vanity Fair.* I had seen it fleetingly on the stands but somehow until then had thought it just another female magazine like the *Woman's Home Companion.*

It was a revelation, a display of mental fireworks such as I had never imagined. Such coruscating smartness, such wit, such iconoclastic urbanity, such—well, anyhow, it gave me the glowing realization that I too—under Irvine's tutelage—might become one of the intellectually elite. I had stepped into Condé Nast's world of light. For the somewhat less than two years that I spent at Harvard I read every issue.

Now as I glance through the 327 pages of selections from VANITY FAIR, A CAVALCADE OF THE 1920S AND 1930S, (edited by Cleveland Amory and Frederic Bradlee, Viking, $10.00) I am reminded of my *Harvard Freshman Redbook.* When that annual came out I can remember how impressed I was by the photographs of the arch minority of my classmates, those top-lofty young men from the more fashionable private schools whose faces stared into space with the Groton look. I can remember that look embodied in the contemptuously silent glance of a student in our English A section when the instructor remarked reprovingly: "You're not in high school any more." Those faces are the same today as when they stared haughtily from the page over my head, yet what I see now are merely gawkish boys, with East Boston High School indistinguishable from St. Marks.

So it is with these selections from *Vanity Fair.* What seemed so smart then is practically unreadable—Harold Nicolson, as an example, belaboring the dissimilarities of Englishmen and Americans. We are left with an empty scent bottle. The essence is gone, the bottle remains. Quite an interesting odd-shaped bottle to examine, just the same.

As editor, Frank Crowninshield had a knack of getting the big names and often of scenting out the big-names-to-be. A curious potpourri—Arthur Symons, P. G. Wodehouse, Hugh Walpole, G. K. Chesterton, Giovanni Papini, Jean Cocteau, Carl Sandburg, Deems Taylor, Ferenc Molnar, Somerset Maugham, Colette, Theodore Dreiser, Walter Lippmann, André Maurois, Alexander Woollcott, Max Beerbohm, D. H. Lawrence, André Gide, Arnold Bennett, Lord Dunsany, William Saroyan, John Van Druten, Thomas Wolfe, Robert Benchley, Robert Sherwood, Gertrude Stein, and so on—yet for the most part no longer very readable, no longer very funny (when they were supposed to be), not very smart at that. The moral seems to be that if the old lady from Dubuque can only hang on long enough she will win out in the end.

It is the nostalgic *Redbook* fascination of the pictures that keeps one turning the pages of the present compilation. They begin with Nijinsky before he went mad and end with Thomas Wolfe off for Europe just before *Of Time and the River* appeared. Somehow the dapper Prince of Wales in naval uniform seems to

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set the tone not only for the magazine but for the period, the promise that held so little. For the real ghoulishness of the era, however, one should study the pictures of Mayor Jimmy Walker. Then there are the job-lots of *Vanity Fair's* annual Hall of Fame that from 1914 to 1918 managed to include Henry James, Henry Cabot Lodge, Paderewski, Marconi, Charles Dana Gibson and "Black Jack" Pershing. In 1927 it included Lawrence of Arabia, John Held Jr., Harold Ross, Al Smith, Grace Coolidge and Marie Laurencin. There are *Redbook* flashes of Somerset Maugham in a wing collar and dark hair, Noel Coward with hair, T. S. Eliot still looking the Harvard undergraduate fifteen years later, Aldous Huxley with a drooping moustache as an angry young man, Ernest Hemingway trying to boil himself hard, James Joyce as the prototype of the Hathaway man in striped shirt and eye-patch, the enchanting child's face of Elizabeth Bergner. The film stars range from the shellac-headed Valentino to the platinum Jean Harlow.

Subdividing time into what are considered characteristic decades robs it of its vitality. The actual substance of life does not alter, the vital fact beyond time. But this living moment with all its exuberance somehow seems lost in period *Vanity Fairs* as well as in period *Redbooks*. Nevertheless there are at least three pictures out of this collection that manage to achieve a timelessness beyond the glib label of the "roaring Twenties"—that of Pavlova, the Steichen portrait of Nazimova, and a color photograph of a scene from *Petrouchka*.

Hazlitt's One-Two Punch

MURRAY N. ROTHBARD

When Henry Hazlitt's devastating critique of the Keynesian system appeared last year (*The Failure of the 'New Economics'*), many academic reviewers dismissed that scholarly work as the product of a "pamphleteer." Rising to this challenge, Hazlitt has now levelled the second half of a thumping one-two punch by collecting under one cover all the major writings critical of Keynes—most of them by impeccably *bona fide* academicians. Even the most impudent reviewer will find himself hard put to dismiss THE CRITICS OF KEYNESIAN ECONOMICS (edited by Henry Hazlitt, Van Nostrand, $7.00) as a pamphlet.

Mr. Hazlitt has dug deep to unearth long-forgotten or even unknown criticisms of Keynes, published over the years since the *General Theory* appeared in 1936. As isolated essays or journal articles, they could be, and were, dismissed during the Keynesian hullabaloo. But, put together, they form an impressive and many-sided scholarly criticism of Keynes, on varying levels of political interest and technical difficulty.

A second important function of the book is to reveal the attrition the upper strata of the Keynesian school has been suffering in recent years. The complexities of the Keynesian jargon have virtually sealed off any developments and changes from the attention of the non-faithful. Few people realize, therefore, the ravages that the virus of "revisionism" has been wreaking, over the years, on the Keynesian structure. The long article by Franco Modigliani, in this volume, is a particularly striking example; if one has the patience to wade through the jargon and the quasi-mathematics, the full extent of the Keynesian retreat—at least in the refined stratum of theory—becomes evident.

Perhaps the most brilliant article in the book is a brief essay by W. H. Hutt of the University of Capetown, which appeared a half-dozen years ago in a South African economic journal unread in this country. Not only does Hutt point up the significance of the Modigliani concessions, but he also manages to destroy, in brief compass, the critical Keynesian worry over hoarding and the Keynesian belittling of flexible wage rates as a cure for unemployment. In so doing, Hutt illuminates the essence and function of the price system on the free market, and its relationship to the monetary structure.

Hazlitt also earns our gratitude by including the long out of print presentations of Say's Law of Markets by J. B. Say and John Stuart Mill; for these nineteenth-century demonstrations that there can be no such thing as general "overproduction" or "underconsumption" on a free market are as fresh and valid today as they were a century and a half ago. The Sisyphean feat of Hazlitt and the other authors in pulverizing and clearing away the Keynesian rubble, opens the way for a return to Say's Law, and to those economists, like Ludwig von Mises, who have brilliantly built upon that law as a solid foundation.

Over and above the numerous specific fallacies of the Keynesian system: the absurdities of the "consumption function" and the "multiplier," the stress on "liquidity preference," the hidden assumption of rigid wage rates, etc., there lies a basic philosophic flaw—a flaw that permeates all the wrong-headed system-builders in economics, from Marx through Keynes through the mathematicians. Sound economic theory builds on common-sense philosophic insights into the structure of individual action; Keynes and the others, in contrast, spurn the individual person for scientistic "models" and manipulation of aggregates. Every systematic economic fallacy rests, at bottom, on scientistic neglect of the individual, on premises of social engineering, holistic manipulation of large groups and classes, and determinist denial of the free will of each individual man. Sound economics, on the other hand, bases itself on the free will of the individual, and analyzes and deduces the logical consequences of such willed action.

It is no coincidence, therefore, that the same philosophic difference permeates the political conclusions of the different economic schools. From scientism, determinism, and holism stem statist manipulation of men as aggregates and neglect of the individual persons being manipulated. From methodological individualism stems political regard for the individual as a freely-acting being. Hence, philosophical conservatism and *laissez-faire* economic theory are more

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closely and deeply allied than either has yet been willing to admit.

While the Keynesian system is a tissue of fallacies, it is a mistake to dismiss it brusquely, as many conservative economists have done, as nonsense. It *is* nonsense, in the last resort; but failure to deal with its fallacies in detail and in depth has left the field of ideas open for Keynesianism to conquer. Now, at long last, we have in Henry Hazlitt's two companion volumes the ammunition to slay the enemy.

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Truth on the Block

GARRY WILLS

IN Teilhard de Chardin, and the sudden rage for him, we see re-enacted one of the saddest delusions of history: the delusion that if one accepts all the fashions and quirks and catchwords of one's day, and strives to insert abiding principles into this trivial kaleidoscope of intellectual fads, one somehow "brings truth into the market place." The result, obvious in every age, is that one begins with the aim of extending the *acceptance* of truth among men, and ends by extending the *definition* of truth, dispersing its inner structure and demands; ends, that is, in betrayal. The irony is that men receive only the perversions, extensions, and gaudy clothing of the truth that was to be made available.

An old story: as old as the Docetists with their acceptably unincarnated Christ; or, in time and the turning of fashions, as the Fraticelli with their literal incarnation of a second Christ. A new story, too, as new as the beatnik minister in California who calls Christ "Daddy-o," new as Norman Vincent Peale's hygienic platitudes.

At this point, uproar is interjected: "But, but, but. . . . *But* de Chardin is no Norman Vincent Peale 'jazzing up' this point in Christianity and smothering that point in syrup; rather, a scholar, a scientist, with the highest recommendations!" To which the answer is: there are syrups and syrups.

The reason de Chardin is taken to the cold bosom of the modern academy is simple: open his newly-translated treatise on the spiritual life—THE DIVINE MILIEU (Harper, $3.00)—and it leaps out at you. De Chardin tells us he comes before us as one who "believes himself to feel deeply in tune with his own times," at last allowed to speak out to "a mankind now ready to become adult." St. Paul, less lucky, told Christians to grab an instant out of the bondage of evil time, and even knew a figure (who never darkens de Chardin's pages) who could claim to be Prince of This World. But de Chardin is not bothered by the tragic sense of the human dilemma which a Paul or an Augustine, a Pascal or a Johnson,

Pierre Teilhard de Chardin

knew as they worked out the war in their members. De Chardin denies that there is such battle. He is an intellectual pacifist abolishing all the conflict and complexity which haunt men truly acquainted with human greatness and misery:

> Any increase that I can confer upon myself or upon things is translated into some increase in my power to love and some progress in Christ's blessed hold upon the universe.

How easy and automatic! Any gain is a spiritual gain; but did not some one say man could gain the whole world and suffer the loss of his soul?

Why, then, is de Chardin accepted in the market place? Because he comes to put truth on the block, and men always want to see her brought down from her lofty station; bought; manhandled. It is true that de Chardin appeals to a different set of prejudices than Peale does—to the fidgety don, not the fluttering matron. But the appeal is just as crass. Here is the Brave New World in all its pristine naiveté:

> The more nobly a man wills and acts, the more avid he becomes for great and sublime aims to pursue. He will no longer be content with the family, country, and the remunerative aspect of his work. He will want wider organizations to create, new paths to blaze, causes to uphold, truths to discover, an ideal to nourish and defend.

Along with the scientific *hybris* (*discover, create*) goes the inhumanity of the dehydrated intellect, blushing at the emotions of the family and the *patria*, emotions so unmanageable in the test-tube and in one's life.

The spiritual point of the book is the old nostrum, *uplift*: all is pure to the pure, every day in every way. . . .

> . . . nothing here below is profane for those who know how to see . . . try to realize that heaven itself smiles upon you. . . . Within each individual life, as we have noted, the frontier between spiritual matter and carnal matter is constantly moving upward. . . .

We are told, in the language of the ethical societies, to seek the "universal Smile" in a "sense of the All." God is "an atmosphere," a Center, a Soul, who accommodatingly comes up with an eleventh commandment—"Thou Shalt Have the Completely Open Mind"—on which, in the following blasphemous passage, God himself is said to depend:

> I want to dedicate myself body and soul to the sacred duty of research. We must test every barrier, try every path, plumb every abyss. *Nihil inten-*

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tatum. God wills it, who willed that He should have need of it.

There is the authentic note of every intellectual pander, who thinks he is rescuing truth from its wallflower condition; not that man should be saved, but that truth should; even—in this blasphemous reversal of the redemption—that God should be saved.

WHAT IS "the divine milieu"? There is an old metaphor, Donne-like but dating, I think, from Augustine, and certainly of great antiquity, which runs something like this: God is a circle whose center is everywhere and circumference nowhere. Impelled by modern science (which as you know, invented the circle), de Chardin turgidly elaborates this image as his own discovery. What suggestive qualities the metaphor had, he destroys in modern jargon—(God is a "*punctiform* profundity")—and in pantheistic rhetoric. Pantheism is, after all, primarily a *rhetoric;* not a philosophy but an escape from philosophy. Few pantheists have rigorously worked out the problem of the one and the many; they all flee into mists where evil, the torture of love and hate, the last test of the soul disappear—the mists here called a "milieu."

Apologists for the first of de Chardin's books to be translated into English assured us that the master's refusal to consider the problem of evil was dictated by his subject matter—cosmology, not ethics; an invalid defense, since the world is scarred by evils which make the problem metaphysical as well as ethical. But the last shred of plausibility is taken from that defense by de Chardin himself. In this treatise on the spiritual life, evil is avoided for most of the book; and in the few pages devoted to evil as such the problem is evaded. The author's own excuse is that he writes for those who have "turned away from the path of error." How simple it is for us now that mankind is adult! None of the dark struggle of the saints, the thorn in the flesh, the war in the members.

Of course, some shadow of evil must be admitted by the progressivist in order for us to have something to progress *from;* and that is exactly the definition de Chardin gives of evil, of that which "obstructs our tendencies [our tendencies are simple, you see, and go simply *up*], hampers or deflects our progress." So continuous is the world's progress toward God that the Last Judgment, which one benighted teacher claimed would make the first last and the last first, is seen by de Chardin simply as the last "manifestation" of the world's evolutionary "metamorphosis." Oh brave new heaven!

Hell, as a Christian doctrine, de Chardin can hardly deny; but he can make its threat just another spur to progress, and ignore any aspect of the doctrine which is not comforting, constructive, and a part of our spiritual "drift toward the heights." Like all evil, it is that which we progress *from:*

> You have told me, O God, to believe in hell. But You have forbidden me to hold with absolute certainty that a single man has been damned. I shall therefore make no attempt to consider the damned here, nor even to discover—by whatsoever means—whether they are any. I shall accept the existence of hell on Your word, as a structural element in the universe, and I shall pray and meditate until that awe-inspiring thing appears to me as a strengthening and even blessed complement to the vision of Your omnipresence. . . . The existence of hell, then, does not destroy anything and does not spoil anything in the divine milieu whose progress all around me I have followed with delight.

Anyone who can so jolly up the challenge of this dogma will not, of course, boggle over the dark mystery of the Cross:

> . . . there is no reason why these conflicts should be needlessly exacerbated by preaching the doctrine of Christ crucified in a discordant or provocative manner. . . . In its highest and most general sense, the doctrine of the Cross is that to which all men adhere who believe that the vast movement and agitation of human life opens on to a road which leads somewhere, and that that road *climbs upward.*

FROM THE messy world of human conflict, love, hate, we are asked to return to the simple ideal of a Disney nature-short: admire God in the wonders of nature, where we live "among myriads of stars, without, alas, being aware of their immensity." The answer to all our problems is to consider "the industry of the bees as they make honey from the juices scattered in so many flowers."

This Pollyanna in rapture over pollen, trying to jack up our awe for the stars by measuring them, has no awe for the majestic struggle of man, the immeasurable beauty of heroism, the death of the patriot, the love of man and woman, of parents and child, the continuing victory of men who, like Augustine, had "turned from error" but still felt a divine restlessness. It is a tawdry substitute he brings—cold schemes, scientific laboratories, a sexless love of stars and flowers.

Books of Interest

Sacco-Vanzetti: The Murder and the Myth, by Robert H. Montgomery (Devin-Adair, $5.00). A meticulous unraveling of that most pervasive Liberal myth: the notion that the two Italian anarchists were executed not because you can't shoot the citizenry up in Massachusetts but only because the natives were restless.

The Violent Bear It Away, by Flannery O'Connor (Farrar, $3.75). A strong, perilously stylized novel by a writer of relentless style and merciless vision, a young woman who likes her bushes burning.

New Maps of Hell, by Kingsley Amis (Harcourt, $3.95). A kind of AA guide to the Science Fiction country, with footnotes on its denizens and derivations.

The Artist in His Studio, by Alexander Liberman (Viking, $17.50). A beautiful collection of photographs and essays by an American who visited the houses and studios of thirty-nine School of Paris painters and sculptors, observed with a fresh eye, and remembered with his camera such small illuminations as a volume of Rimbaud on a paint-smeared chair by Giacommeti's bed, the flower-sprigged quilt on that bed.

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The Water Crisis

ADOLPH J. ACKERMAN

IN WATER SUPPLY: ECONOMICS, TECHNOLOGY AND POLICY (University of Chicago, $7.50), Jack Hirshleifer, James C. Dehaven and Jerome Milliman come to grips with a very important subject which is drifting into the field of political science. M. M. O'Shaughnessy, chief engineer of the Hetch Hetchy Water Supply for San Francisco, recorded in his memoirs: "I never handled any proposition where the engineering problems were so simple and the political ones so complex." (In those days the chief engineer handled *all* the problems with distinction!)

Water supply affects the well-being of every citizen, and yet there are few things about which he is less concerned. He knows that he can step up to a faucet or a public fountain anywhere in the U.S. without the thought entering his mind: "Is this safe to drink?" Very few ever think how the water got there, what keeps it pure, or what keeps it flowing as the demand increases. And while gasoline is 30 cents a gallon, the average price of treated water in the U.S. is 33 gallons for a *penny*. The public takes such quality and service for granted. But is this blissful confidence justified for the future? The answer is an emphatic no, and for three important reasons.

First, the authors point out that "in the U.S. major investments [in water development projects] are undertaken prematurely and on an overambitious scale, with resulting over-investment in water supply facilities. Why? Water developers are 'heroes.' Bureaucrats and politicians relish the power (often abused) of awarding contracts, and influencing employment, real estate values and business opportunities."

Secondly, "Sound stewards of national resources are relatively unknown." Political opportunists have discovered that most of today's professional engineers are willing to accept political domination of their planning and design work, and will not stand up to defend the public interest aggressively.

Thirdly, long-range political planners have found that public apathy makes it easy to advance ideas of government intervention in the planning of future water resources. This could mean anything from establishing wise regulatory guides to planting the seeds of ultimate dictatorial power, according to formulas outlined in Karl Wittfogel's monumental study, *Oriental Despotism.*

Of particular value are the chapters dealing with the need to protect the freedom of interplay of economic factors in planning future water supplies; the unjustified claims of urgency by politicians; the need for developing the re-use of water by modern treatment plants as an economic means of extending the available supply; and the importance of raising the price of water from existing systems to present-day levels of cost, which will stimulate more economic use of the available water and offer the best and most effective means of solving problems of immediate urgency.

The authors quote a section from *A Report of the President's Water Policy Commission, 1950,* and describe it as "an attempt to justify public construction and uneconomic projects.'" They discuss current trends in various states on water law and the strong possibility of a shift toward administrative control of water resources, with its ominous overtones of displacement of the rule of law in a broad field of citizen interest. The case study of a crucial decision with respect to New York's "water crisis" is especially interesting; the final decisions of the authorities were in opposition to every recommendation of the panel of independent consulting engineers. This raises a basic question: what has become of the prestige of the engineering profession as the defender of the public interest in such important issues?

One flaw in the book: in dealing with the currently controversial Feather River Water Supply Program for Southern California, the authors devote considerable space to the development of "decision formulas" and "the present-value rule"; however, these procedures were highly misleading and contributed to the drawing of false conclusions. A state's economy and credit position could, in time, be severely damaged by the arbitrary pricing of water on some "average basis" obtained by a "decision formula."

"The "molding" of a proposed project to its optimum form calls for repeated trials and application of a wide range of factors. These include hydrology, topography, geology, structural design, economics, population trends, law, the rights of others, ideology, and financial resurces. This is a "sculpturing" process for which there are no shortcuts. The authors, as economists, have not examined the engineering aspects of the problem as thoroughly as might be desired, but they have done a masterful job of sound economic analysis.

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Records

The Art of Germaine Montero

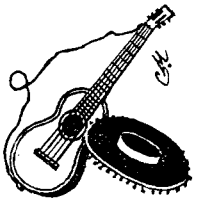
RALPH DE TOLEDANO

GERMAINE MONTERO was born in France, but her first success as a singer came in Spain. Her ease in both the Iberian musical idiom and the existentialist songs of St. Germaine des Près, the perfection of her French and Spanish—her name itself—indicate a mixed parentage. That she can move so deftly from one to the other of two sharply differing cultures marks the nature of her artistry. (Of the four records she has made for Vanguard, one was awarded the *Grand Prix du Disque* for "excellence of performance and beauty of sound.")

I was first attracted to Germaine Montero's singing by a 10-inch LP, *Songs of Parisian Nights.* (It has since been reissued on a 12-inch disc, backed by the rather mechanical music and feebly transposed lyrics of *Mère Courage*—the Paul Dessau-Bertold Brecht music drama.) In the Parisian songs, Montero's voice, rich and plangent, scanned the full range of that curiously inverted music which postwar Montmartre created. From the sardonic to the sentimental, from the delicate to the exuberant, from the tender to the chillingly macabre, she evoked the murky world of penitents and prostitutes, of fools and philosophers, who inhabit the *boîtes* where she sang. In another postwar era, Marlene Dietrich had done the same for the determined decadence of Berlin—but Marlene lacked the voice and subsisted on the manner. Germaine Montero brought to these songs the peculiarly Gallic style and phrasing—and a first-rate instrument.

The grotesqueries of *La Fille de Londres* (ending with the vision of a knife *rouge à la vérité*), the even balance between the tragic and the bathetic in *La Chanson de Margaret,* the affectingly "way out" poems of Jacques Prévert, have been sung by others, beautifully and with distinction. But they are particularly suited to the texture of Montero's voice and to the in-held violence of her attack.

Perhaps because I responded so completely to these Montmartre offerings, I approached the prize-winning *Canciones de España* with some trepidation. Synthetic folk singers crowd the record lists, and I am wary of them. As a child my ear had been trained to the subtleties and nuances of the *romancero,* the ballads and songs which the Spanish folk produced in such profusion. They had been sung to me in a sweet and untutored soprano by my mother—who had them as a legacy handed down from generation to generation. If these songs are in the blood, they can be sung by almost anyone who can carry a tune. But only a superb technician can be *taught* the true inflection, naive yet sophisticated, of a Golden Age which glitters no longer.



Germaine Montero had a superlative teacher in Federico García Lorca, a poet who found his salvation and his medium in that fusion of Gypsy, Moor, Jew and Visigoth which is compounded in the Spanish spirit. Humility and arrogance, compassion and cruelty, quixotism and the hard cognizance of man's fate—these were the elements which Lorca restored to a nation bemused by intellectuals who saw perfection in the German doctor of philosophy. By some miracle of empathy, García Lorca was able to transmit this progression of paradoxes to his French-born protegée. And Montero recorded them in all their plaintive or brash beauty.

Those who remember the horrors of the Spanish Civil War will find some wry amusement in *Los cuatro muleros,* transmogrified by the Loyalists into the propaganda of *Los cuatro generales.* The other songs in this album—and in its companion, *Spanish Folk Songs, Vol. II*—range the provinces of Spain from the Asturias to the Andaluz, with an interspersion of flamenco guitar solos by Roman el Granaino.

But perhaps the most rewarding experience comes from what may be Germaine Montero's greatest record—a reading of ***Lament on the Death of a Bullfighter,*** García Lorca's prophetic, symbolic and superlative poem. Other poems—*La casada infiel* (from *Romancero gitano*) and *El Grito* (from *Poema del cante jondo*)—are in this collection of readings, as well as songs from the Lorca plays. These are the purest of his writings, before that surrealist tendency which seems to impose itself on all Spanish art had begun to dominate.

It is difficult to describe the absolute rightness of Germaine Montero's performance. There are very few who can recite Spanish verse without making it sound like tapioca pudding. The mellifluousness of the language is a trap. The Spanish poet must fight against rhyme and assonance, for they creep into the line unconsciously. And the reader must fight even harder not to succumb to the hypnosis of phrase and movement. Germaine Montero combines austerity and emotion, sense and sensibility, in her re-creation of these verses. Some of Lorca's poems are meant to be read in the soft Spanish of the Andalusian country, but she employs throughout the harsher diction of Castile, with its deep gutturals and its crisp sibilance. If there is any blemish to this album it is in the supplied translation of the poems which is not only inept but inaccurate.

Four records by Germaine Montero—the trauma of existentialist Paris, the folk heritage of Spain, the voice of poetry. They are great records, for her art and her artistry have made them so.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

MARILYN MONROE, by Maurice Zolotow (Harcourt, $5.75). The marriage of Arthur Miller and Marilyn Monroe was so odd a mixture of libido and Liberalism that I have long believed it was invented at an editorial conference of the *New York Post.* Marilyn's biographer, however, says she had always dreamed of mating with someone like Arthur, being herself a girl of searching intellect and cultivated taste. Unfortunately for that solemn thesis, author Zolotow has threaded his book with anecdotes and epigrams belying Marilyn's braininess, although not necessarily her comic genius (to mention intangible virtues only). Sample intellect: Of her favorite "number by Beethoven"—"I'm afraid I'm not very good at numbers." Of her admiration for the Renaissance—"Of course, if I had lived in the

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Renaissance, I would be dead now." Such Monroeisms prompt Mr. Zolotow to remind us of *Punch's* quip: "Timon is a girl's best friend." M. S. EVANS

KOREA AND THE FALL OF MACARTHUR, by Trumbull Higgins (Oxford, $5.00). This book is subtitled "A *Précis* in Limited War," and is touted as a "far-reaching analysis of the Korean conflict and the part played by General MacArthur." The latter claim falls apart as both an intellectual and physical impossibility. One of the greatest controversies in modern times, which consumed 42 days of exhaustive Senate hearings alone, simply cannot be crammed into a neat 185-page package with much of that space given to irrelevant anti-MacArthurisms. The author's credentials include a 1951 Ph.D. in military history from Princeton, but his adversary's degrees in military history are awesome. This pretentious little *précis*, then, is like a horsefly buzzing around Man O'War. Dr. Higgins' troubles stem largely from his view that the MacArthur controversy involved a choice between "limited" war and Armageddon. General MacArthur simply wanted to win the war they handed to him; there is no evidence anywhere that his proposals would have resulted in total conflict. In view of recent developments in South Korea, somebody shortly may have to write a book entitled "MacArthur and the Fall of Korea, a *Précis* in the Damfoolishness of American Politicians." J. G. ACKELMIRE

SCHOOLS OF TOMORROW—TODAY, by Arthur D. Morse (Doubleday, $1.50). Dewey-eyed resumés of nine educational experiments, most of which were financed by the Ford Foundation's Fund for the Advancement of Education. The experiments are primarily concerned with the mechanics of pedantry and with technological gismos such as flexible classroom walls, television and tape recorders, although one or two deal with "gifted children"—but in ways more likely to dissipate the gifts than to develop and discipline the children. In all the experiments modern educational philosophies remain intact. R. S. WHEELER

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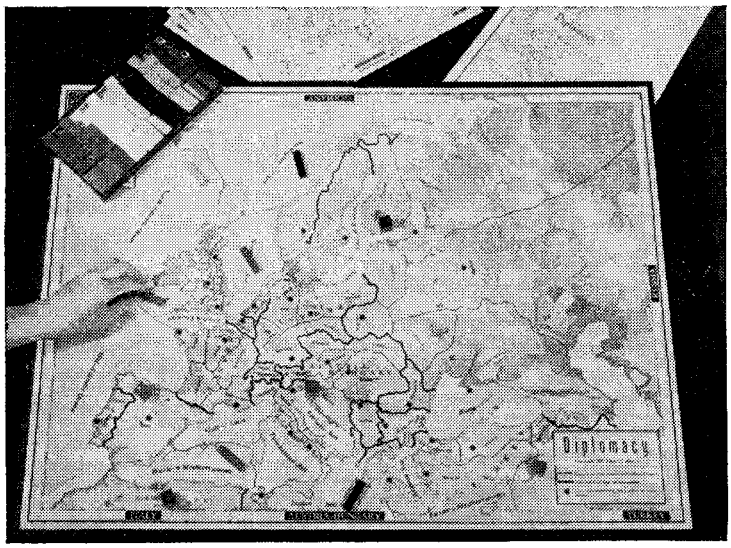

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To the Editor

The Election

When the Presidential campaign began, Nixon had two enormous advantages over Kennedy: 1) domestically, he could argue that you-never-had-it-so-good, and concurrently that you-may-lose-it-if-Kennedy-is-elected; 2) in foreign affairs, the Republican image was notoriously "harder on Communism" than the Democratic one—an especially valuable asset at a time of "deep freeze" in the Cold War.

When the campaign ended, Nixon had thrown away both advantages: 1) domestically, he had in effect conceded that the American people must have "more," and had allowed the campaign to turn into a contest over which candidate could promise the "most"; 2) internationally, he had pledged to send Eisenhower, Hoover and (of all people) Truman on a tour of the Communist satellite nations, and to squire their puppet leaders around America in return.

No wonder Nixon lost. Take him away.

Englewood, N. J. H. H. STEEVEN

Conservatives can rejoice that Senator Goldwater is a better strategist than those critics who called for abstention. By campaigning hard for Nixon, he is now respected as a loyal party man who temporarily put aside his personal and ideological differences with the Vice President in order to strive for victory. Rockefeller, on the other hand, is seen for what he is: a self-seeking politician who put his personal ambitions above the cause of his party, and lost his state's 45 Electoral College votes to Kennedy.

Goldwater knew he could not be nominated at this year's Republican convention. But the demonstration for him—which he did not attempt to suppress—put him in the national spotlight, exactly as the unsuccessful Kennedy-for-Vice-President boom in 1956 made that Senator a national figure.

Conservatives now have three main tasks to undertake in the next four years: 1) to protest so vehemently to their congressmen and senators that Kennedy's legislative program will be stalled; 2) to oust Governor Rockefeller from political position in 1962; and 3) to nominate and elect Goldwater as President in 1964.

Albany, N. Y. ABRAHAM JEFFERS

I strongly hope that President-elect Kennedy will deeply consider the appointment of Richard M. Nixon to a high-level administrative post (such as Secretary of Defense or Ambassador to the United Nations) in his Administration. This would, I believe, do much to solidify our national interests, just as Senator Kennedy's selection of Senator Lyndon B. Johnson for his running mate apparently effected solidification in the Democratic Party . . . in the Southern segment of that party.

Minneapolis, Minn. NORMAN W. LARSON

Kennedy may push this country down the road to hell 10 per cent faster than Nixon would have, but the opposition will be easily 100 per cent greater. With the Republican minority in Congress no longer muzzled—no longer required to praise the spineless foreign policy and domestic Liberalism of a pseudo-Republican President—this country is about to enjoy what it hasn't had for eight crucial years: an organized opposition to the Liberal domination of public affairs.

And don't think President-elect Kennedy doesn't know it. With his chance for re-election in 1964 hanging on his ability to retain conservative Catholic supporters who twice voted for Eisenhower over Stevenson, he is in no position to go venturing very far leftward.

Port Chester, N. Y. T. L. VANDERVLIET

Conservatives are without the tools necessary to win elections. Conservatives, show me: your national center of power, your effective leadership, and effective local or national organization, your system of raising funds to assist deserving candidates, any coordinated and functioning propaganda and public opinion machines.

Politics is simply a struggle for power. Conservatives, we have no

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real power. Nothing will be better tomorrow unless we act now.

Indianapolis, Ind. MORGAN PITCHER

It is not a moment too early to put on our Goldwater buttons and set to work.

Chicago, Ill. ELIOT BERNAT

May I venture an early prediction that the GOP will *not* nominate Goldwater, or any other authentic conservative, in 1964?

Why should it? After all, by voting for Nixon this year America's conservatives made it pikestaff-plain that they can be depended upon to vote Republican, regardless of who is nominated. In 1964 the Republican politicians will naturally go hunting for the votes they *didn't* get this time—not those they did.

Port Huron, Mich. PETER WRACLAW

Abandon the Electoral College?

. . . How can the United States lead the Free World when our most important election is not necessarily the real will of the people? Is the vote of a New Yorker more important than the vote of an Arizonan, simply because New York State has forty-five electoral votes and Arizona only four? Should the slim lead given to a Presidential candidate in a heavily populated state rule the desire of our nation? . . .

The Electoral College should be disbanded. . . . The popular vote should rule every election in our nation—let's have a government of the people, by the people, and for the people.

Brooklyn, N. Y. ALLISON BARBARA DAVIS

Keep Russia—and K—in UN

In "The Week" [November 5] you suggest that Russia be thrown out of the UN for refusing to pay its dues. I say leave them in and invite Khrushchev to every meeting. He's done more toward advancing U.S. prestige than any American.

Carthage, Mo. HERMAN LORENZ

Definitions Updated

W. F. Rickenbacker ["A Political Lexicon," November 5] omitted a key definition from his incisive list: *Flexibility:* A temperate, prudent technique of cloaking unilateral concession in the garb of mutual accommodation.

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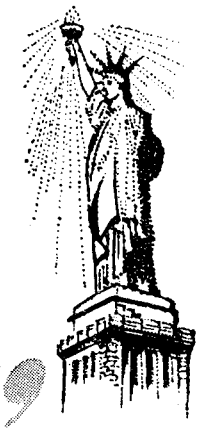

. . . We must consider what state all men are naturally in, and that is a state of perfect freedom to order their actions and dispose of their possessions and persons as they think fit.

John Locke in "Civil Government"

Individual freedom is a natural thing. It comes to us from our Creator as part and parcel of our humanity. It's nothing we have taken from others . . . nothing bestowed on us by a benevolent government.

Yet, proponents of the welfare state seek to rob us of this innate freedom — first through socialized medicine, farm subsidies and federal control of business . . . ultimately through socialization of every phase of activity we know.

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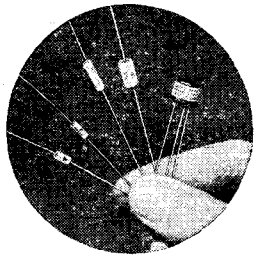

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PERSONAL

Nina, meet me at the North entrance of Hunter College Assembly Hall after the National Review Forum with Jacques Soustelle. Tony

MISCELLANEOUS

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Mr. Tynan Is Puzzled

Thank you for sending me your lively little magazine with the funny article about me in it. I found it a bit puzzling in parts, especially the passage in which your Mr. Buckley says that my "public notoriety derives . . . from an article [I] wrote a few years ago clamoring for the removal of the monarchy, an ancient and useless and degrading institution, unfit for a world fit for Kenneth Tynan" etc., etc. I won't say I'm exactly mad about monarchy as an institution—I wouldn't dream of holding such an un-American opinion—but I'm certain I never wrote the article to which Mr. Buckley refers. He's probably thinking of John Osborne or Malcolm Muggeridge; at any rate you might ask him to check. If I am "notorious," which God forbid, it must be for some other reason.

By a happy coincidence nearly all the other points Mr. Buckley brings up in connection with my interrogation have also been raised by Senator Thomas J. Dodd in a letter to *Harper's* Magazine. They are printing it in their January issue, together with my reply. I won't repeat the latter here because I think it would be a nice and instructive experience for readers of a magazine like yours to take an occasional peep at a magazine like *Harper's*. Live dangerously, that's what I always say.

London, England KENNETH TYNAN

An Answer from Mr. Buckley

I most sincerely regret the error. I did indeed have in mind John Osborne's article in *Encounter*, and can only plead that back in 1957 it may have been as difficult, given the perspective of an Outsider, to distinguish between O. and T. as it was for the English to distinguish between Cohn and Schine. At any rate, God save the Queen.

I shall read Mr. Tynan's piece in *Harper's* next month, and promise to report faithfully on it. (By the way, it takes an Englishman *not* to understand that the way to live dangerously in America, is *not* to read *Harper's*. Imagine trying to be chic and having to confess, say at a publisher's cocktail party, not having read in *Harper's* about the latest act of terrorism by a Congressional Committee! The thought is enough to put Davy Crockett into a cold sweat!)

W. F. B.

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TAYLOR CALDWELL

(Continued from p. 342)

that the love-cultists do not extend their yearning passion to God, to the suffering millions in Russian slave-labor camps, to murdered Hungary, to Tibet, to the tormented satellites of the Soviet Empire. A hungry Spanish child does not move their love-bubbling hearts, but a Castro brings a beam to their eyes. The misery of the East Germans does not inspire them with manly indignation, but they write furious letters to Washington about the inhumanity of the white man in South Africa.

They have invaded our public schools with their love-cult, and so our young men and women in their teens continue to regard themselves as children long after puberty, and demand constant love from everyone with whom they come into contact. They have written so many books about "a child's need to be loved" that parents are afraid to slam their little monsters about and sting their behinds when caught in some particularly ugly offense. They have so cowed many of our clergy that the poor men no longer dare talk about sin, but only of "victims of society" and "lovelessness in the home," and Freud, of course. Children are no longer commanded to honor their parents; they are taught that *they* should be the honored. A policeman, formerly the guardian and friend of children, and a stern admonisher of potential little criminals, must not open his mouth unless he is a "pal" and "understands." The victim of a murderer is despised; the murderer is cosseted. We don't have a topsy-turvy society, as some mildly claim; we have a demented society.

Christ, indeed, commanded us to love our neighbor, though I've detected a slight reservation here and there, in the Scriptures, about tax-gatherers. But the love He has asked for surely means respect for each individual soul, justice, fair-dealing, kindness and charity. All these are to be extended to everyone, and not held in reserve for the unworthy, the idle, the sottish, the brute, the murderer, the liar, the adulterer, the unrepentent sinner, the traitor, the thief, the sly stubborn fool, the betrayer—unless they repent, which they seldom do. Love is too precious a thing to be wasted indiscriminately on the trash who eagerly take advantage of it and hold out their hands for more.

Only recently a friend of mine, a fine man of high principle and devotion to his country, was defeated in a political election by a mediocre, mealy-mouthed liar. Why? My friend was childless, and he had resolutely halted a scheme for spending enormous sums of money for unnecessary school-palaces with hot and cold running pools and with a proposed curriculum of home-making, home economics, bird-calling, folk dancing, folk stories, "industrial arts" and social adjustment. But the liar had five children, and he rousingly spoke of "spending more and more time with the kids," and could we afford NOT to have these lovely schools and the lovely program? For the children? Who could help not loving "our children"? Naturally, he won hands down. And why not? The love-cultists were right behind him, ringing doorbells in his behalf, getting up petitions, stealthily threatening the hard-headed and sensible, and accusing those who opposed them of "hating children." The matter of prudence, principle, patriotism, sensible administration, honor and righteousness and a regard for the hard-pressed taxpayer, was not even mentioned.

These were not "love." So, who wanted them?

"Hate the Communists, if you want to," they tell you, "but love the Russians. The Russians want us to love them. We don't. And so they are bewildered, confused, angry, indignant, and perhaps just a little resentful. Who can blame them?"

Yes, a professor said that to me only recently. When I refuted his maudlin and sinister premises, he did not look at me with love. He called me a "reactionary," and told me frankly that my day is done.

It probably is. Sometimes I find myself choking on the insistent sweetness others try to force upon me. But one thing is sure: they don't love me, thank God! I have that to remember, with prayerful contentment, in the dark watches of these last terrible nights. I have that to remember, that I've resisted successfully the attempts to love me and I have kept my right "not to be loved."

That is liberty. I refuse the right to be loved indiscriminately, without any effort on my part. I have only the right to earn it.

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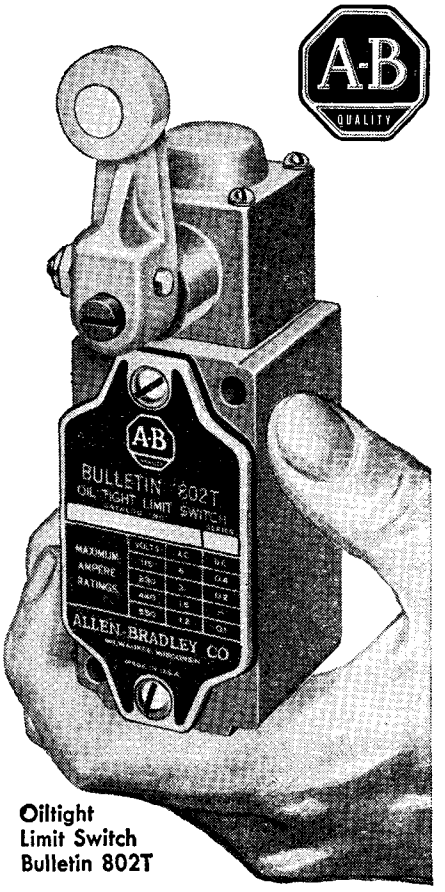

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